STILL TIME TO UNITE by A. B. MAGIL

NEW MASSES

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VOL. XXVII, NO. 7, NEW YORK, N. Y.: IN TWO SECTIONS OF WHICH THIS IS SECTION ONE

MONTHLY LITERARY SECTION INCLUDED WITH THIS ISSUE

FEDERAL WRITERS' NUMBER

Edited by S. Funaroff and Willard Maas

Bright and Morning Star

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

By Richard Wright

The Brown Coat . . . . . by Alexander Godin

Medicine . . . . . A "Living Newspaper" Script

A Tall, Dark Man . . . . . by Saul Levitt

My Grandfather . . . . . by Arnold Manoff

Home . . . . . by Sam Ross

Street Songs of Children . Compiled by Fred Rolland

She Snaps Back Into Harness . . . . by Ruth Widen

Verse by Raymond E. F Larsson, Kenneth Rexroth, William Pillin, H. R. Hays, Lola Pergament, Kenneth Fearing, Alfred Hayes, Opal Shannon, Weldon Kees, Maxwell Bodenheim, Charles Hudeberg, Willard Maas, Dorothy Van Ghent, Eli Siegel, and A. T. Rosen

Inside France by Theodore Draper

What Lenin Thought of Trotsky and Bukharin A Review by Joshua Kunitz

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THEODORE DRAPER, our foreign editor, has been in Europe the past few weeks, mainly in England and France. He is attending the League session in Geneva, May 9, and then going on to Czechoslovakia. While in London he has arranged for regular articles by R. Palme Dutt, editor of the *Labor Monthly*, and Frank Pitcairn, correspondent of the London *Daily Worker*. Each writer will appear once a month.

The lectures by Marguerite Young and Granville Hicks, the last two in the "Crux of the News" series, will be held in Room 608, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57 St., New York City.

Mexican anti-fascists have long felt the need for a daily press in which to record their day-to-day struggles. To meet this need, the editors of *El Machete*, an anti-fascist weekly, have decided to publish the paper daily. And to aid them in their plans, a group of Mexican artists, residing in New York, have organized themselves into the "Grupo Mexico." On Sunday evening, May 8, they are holding a Grand Mexican Festival at Centro Galicia, 147 Columbus Ave., New York City. They will show a movie of Mexican bullfighting, raffle an Orozco lithograph and a drawing by Covarrubias, and present a program of music and dancing.

Who's Who

JOSEPH NORTH is *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain. . . . Motier Harris Fisher is the wife of an Oberlin College faculty member. She makes plain, however, that her article does not refer to Oberlin, that Oberlin is, in fact, the freest of the seven colleges and universities with which she and her husband have been associated. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is a member of the English department at New York University. . . . Milton Meltzer has appeared in NEW MASSES before. . . . Ruth Lechlitner is the author of *Tomorrow's Phoenix*. . . . Barbara Giles is on the staff of NEW MASSES.

S. Funaroff's new book of poems, *The Spider and the Clock*, will be issued in the next few weeks by International Publishers. He edited the Dynamo Poetry Series and has edited a Federal Arts anthology for the *New Republic*. . . . Willard Maas is a frequent contributor of verses and criticism to *Life and Letters Today*, *Virginia Quarterly*, *New Republic*, etc. He is the author of *Fire Testament*, and will assist in the editing of the July issue of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, which will be devoted to work of Federal poets.

Richard Wright, whose book *Uncle Tom's Children* has just been released by Harper's, is winner of *Story* magazine's $500 W.P.A. writers' short-story contest. "Bright and Morning Star" was to have been the concluding novelette of *Uncle Tom's Children* but was completed too late for inclusion. . . . Alexander Godin has appeared in O'Brien's *Best Stories*, the *Windsor Quarterly*, the *Menorah Journal*, and other little magazines. . . . Oscar Saul, Alfred Hayes, and H. R. Hays are employed as playwrights on the W.P.A.'s Living Newspaper. Oscar Saul wrote the highly succesful children's-theater play, *Revolt of the Beavers*. Alfred Hayes is co-author of *Journeymen*, seen on Broadway this winter. H. R. Hays has a reputation as a critic and poet as well as being author of *The Ballad of David Crocket*, a Federal Theatre production of last year. . . . Saul Levitt's "The Tall Dark Man" is an excerpt from a novel, *Blind Man's Buff*. . . . Arnold Manoff has appeared in *Story*. . . . Sam Ross of Chicago was one of the two American contributors to the English anthology, *New Writing*. . . . Fred Rolland has collected street songs of children for a book of children's folklore, from which this selection has been taken. He has had poems and stories published in newspapers and little magazines. . . . Ruth Widén appeared in the magazine, *American Stuff*, and is at present at work on a novel. . . .

Raymond E. F. Larsson, of Clearwater, Fla., is a distinguished American poet who is author of a number of books of poems, the best known of which is *O Cities, Cities!* He is collecting an anthology of Catholic poets. . . . Kenneth Rexroth, of California, cook, forest-service patrolman, mucker, artist, painted a mural on P.W.A. and was a member of the Objectivist school of poets. . . . William Pillin was awarded one of the annual poets' prizes distributed by *Poetry*. He is employed as a typist on the New Mexico Writers' Project. He has appeared in *Dynamo*, *Windsor Quarterly*, *American Stuff*, and other publications. . . . Lola Pergament, state editor on the Writers' Project of Georgia, has published in *American Mercury*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Poetry*, *Golden Book*, *American Stuff*, and elsewhere. . . . Kenneth Fearing is the author of two volumes of poems, *Angel Arms* and *Poems*. He received a Guggenheim fellowship in 1936, and a new book of his poems is scheduled for fall publication by Random House. . . . Charles Hudeberg was included in the anthology of young poets, *Trial Balances*, and has contributed to the *Nation*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and other magazines. . . . Dorothy Van Ghent, of San Francisco, is the author of *Mirror Images* and is a frequent contributor of critical essays and poetry to the *Southern Review*, *Poetry*, NEW MASSES. . . . Eli Siegel won the *Nation* poetry prize in 1925 with "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana." He has published poetry in *Scribners*, the *Nation*, *Blues*, *Hound & Horn*, and is writing a history of New York government offices on the Historical Records Survey project. . . . A. T. Rosen privately published a book of his verse called *Prologomena*. His second volume of verse is scheduled for publication in the fall. . . . Weldon Kees, editor of the *Nebraska Guide*, appeared in *American Stuff*, *Direction*, *Frontier and Midland*, and lives in Denver, Colo. . . . Opal Shannon writes from Iowa, where she edited the *Iowa Tours Guide* for the Writers' Project. . . . Maxwell Bodenheim is a well-known figure in American letters, the author of several novels and volumes of poetry, and is already known to the readers of NEW MASSES.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Flashbacks

THE Catholic hierarchy which today places Communist books on its forbidden list was busy in 1853 at the task of censoring progressive literature growing out of the Abolitionist movement in the United States. On May 10 of that year the Pope prohibited circulation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. . . . The People's Charter, proposals of the English proletarian movement seeking electoral reform, was published just one year ago this week—May 8, 1838. . . . James Connolly, Socialist Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Republican Army, was executed May 12, 1916, for attempting to follow the example of the American Revolution and lead his country to throw off British rule and establish a republican form of government. . . . The French Revolution began May 5, 1789, with the meeting of the States General. . . . John Brown was born at Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800.

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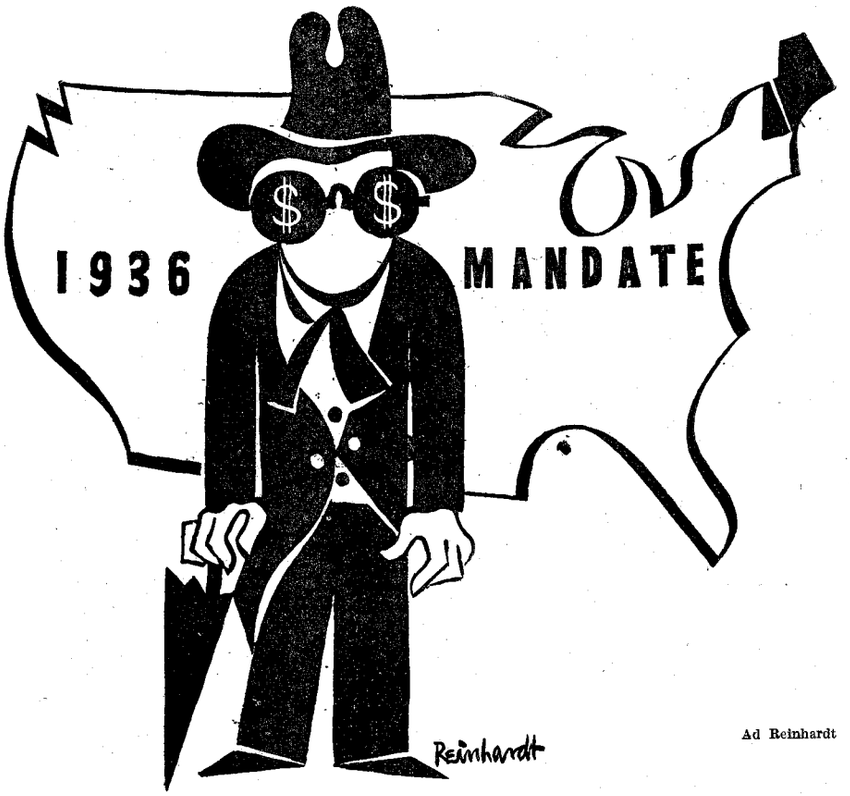

Ad Reinhardt

Still Time to Unite

By A. B. Magil

THE brickbats that have been flying in the direction of the New Deal in connection with the Reorganization Bill, the new Roosevelt recovery program, and the tax question have a meaning that extends far beyond the specific issues involved. The defeat of the reorganization measure by a House in which the New Deal forces had ostensibly an overwhelming majority was an omen that the political struggle in the United States has entered a new and highly critical stage. At stake is not merely the New Deal's program of reform, not even merely the outcome of the congressional elections, though this is the central question for the next few months. At stake is the whole future course of the country in the fields of both domestic and foreign policy. And this means ultimately that what is at stake are the fundamental issues of democracy versus fascism, whose resolution will profoundly affect the course of world events. It is in this sense that the present crisis, developing against the background of a growing economic crisis, is the gravest in our recent history.

Within Congress and the country the relation of forces is such as to place in jeopardy not only the future of the New Deal, but all its past achievements. In Congress the picture has been one of growing strength, unity, and aggressiveness in the camp of bi-partisan reaction; of confusion, division, cowardice, and treachery in what should constitute the camp of progress. As a result, the tory coalition, though still representing a minority of both houses, has in three successive sessions of Congress been able to sabotage and blockade most of the Roosevelt program and to assume the offensive.

In the country as a whole there is similar lack of cohesion and aggressiveness in the progressive camp, despite the fact that the trade-union movement was never so strong, that through its progressive section its political weight and authority are greater than ever in our history, and that, nothwithstanding the Wall Street campaign of hate and misrepresentation, there is little diminution in Roosevelt's popularity or in the desire of the common people for the positive program of reform to which he pledged himself in the 1936 election campaign. And yet it must be admitted that the reactionary big-business interests, taking advantage of the economic crisis which they themselves helped precipitate and intensify, have succeeded in creating sufficient confusion among sections of the middle classes and farmers to lure them on specific issues into the anti-New Deal camp. It is by extending and deepening this confusion that the overlords of finance and industry and their political and journalistic hatchet-men hope to rout the New Deal in the congressional elections and prepare the way for a clean sweep in 1940 and for an accelerated drive toward fascism.

What is responsible for the fact that reaction has assumed the initiative and that the New Deal, a year and a half after one of the greatest electoral victories in American history, has been placed on the defensive?

The 1936 elections saw the emergence for the first time in our history of class rather than sectional divisions as the determining factor. This was most clearly perceived by the Communists, but it was not entirely lost on certain of the more astute representatives of the finance-capitalist oligarchy. Thus Thomas F. Woodlock wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* the day after the election:

> Today we have a new main cleavage of political opinion which, whether for good or ill, will be with us as far as we can see into the future. The first thing to note in that cleavage is that it is deeper than any heretofore experienced since the Civil War. It is a cleavage of opinion touching the fundamentals of our economic life. Finally, it is a cleavage upon lines largely of economic class divi-

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(Lithograph by Louis Lozowick)

"If government will just get out of the way and give natural American enterprise a free swing it will do the job."—HENRY FORD.

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sions, more extensive than any similar cleavage in our experience in the past.

The regrouping of class forces in the 1936 election, which found expression in the rallying of the majority of the workers, farmers, and city middle classes around the Roosevelt banner, was, however, only partially and inadequately expressed within the Democratic Party. Liberty League Democrats, riding the Roosevelt landslide, managed to goldbrick their way into Congress and into state and local office. The New Deal itself, instead of following up its victory by active measures to redeem its pledges, decided to pursue a policy of delay and retreat (slashing of relief rolls and the embargo on Spain), apparently in the hope of conciliating the defeated economic royalists. The collapse of "the era of good feeling" with the launching, in February 1937, of Roosevelt's plan to liberalize the Supreme Court revealed the futility of these efforts at "appeasement" and the irreconcilability of the struggle between the forces of progress and reaction. What it revealed, too, was the Trojan horse—the coalition of tory Republicans and Democrats—with which reaction, defeated at the polls, had invaded a supposedly New Deal Congress and begun its campaign to cancel the results of the elections and prevent the mandate of the people from being enacted into law.

The new reactionary coalition, marking an extension and crystallization of the coalition tendencies that had already emerged in the 1936 campaign, not only succeeded in preventing the enactment of the Court-reform plan (though the New Deal did in part achieve its aim of liberalizing the Court), but in bottling up practically all New Deal legislation with the exception of the Wagner-Steagall Housing Bill, which, however, was passed in mutilated form.

The special session of Congress, called in November to enact a four-point program of reform, marked the beginning of the second phase of the offensive of reaction. By this time a new cyclical economic crisis had begun, a crisis which was hastened and aggravated by sabotage on the part of the leading industrial corporations and financial groups. The session opened amid a violent press campaign designed to blackmail the Roosevelt administration into abandoning its four-point program and passing the program demanded by Wall Street, with repeal or drastic revision of the undistributed-profits and capital-gains taxes as point one. Result: not one of Roosevelt's four proposals—a Wages and Hours Bill, a comprehensive farm program, reorganization of the executive branch of the government, and the establishment of seven regional T.V.A's—was enacted by the special session. The only one of these which even came up for final vote was the Wages and Hours Bill, and this was defeated in the House through the efforts of the tory coalition assisted by President William Green and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor.

In the present session the reactionary Republican-Democratic axis again lost no time in taking the offensive. The shameful Senate filibuster against the Anti-Lynching Bill by a minority of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans struck the keynote of the session and set the stage for the lynching of the Reorganization Bill.

With the battle over the Reorganization Bill, the drive of reaction entered the third phase of its development. The fact that this was a minor administrative measure such as had been advocated by Hoover and other Presidents before him only serves to emphasize the sharpness of the new political alignments and the gravity of the whole struggle now unfolding. When this bill was introduced early last summer in a far more drastic version than the one the House subsequently rejected, it was regarded as a routine measure and was supported by almost the entire press. But when it came up for debate in the present session, fully 90 percent of the country's newspapers, including many, such as the New York *Times* and the Scripps-Howard press, that had supported the reëlection of Roosevelt, assailed it as a move toward "dictatorship." The fact that this campaign was led by the two most aggressive of American fascist führers, William Randolph Hearst and Father Coughlin, and by the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government, successor to the Liberty League, and that it had as one of its features the organization of the fascist march of "Paul Reveres" on Washington shows that the Reorganization Bill was actually the battleground for issues of a much more fundamental character.

What further distinguished this scurrilous campaign was that many of the opponents of the Reorganization Bill abandoned all pretense that it was the bill itself that they were fighting. "Under another President, at another time, that bill might have caused little commotion," wrote the dean of tory journalists, Mark Sullivan, in the New York *Herald Tribune* of April 10. And the *Times* of April 9 declared editorially that "the vote which sent it [the Reorganization Bill] back to committee was a vote against the administration rather than a vote against the bill itself."

This was a new and ominous note. It was tantamount to a public declaration that in every issue, no matter how small, the bipartisan tory coalition saw one fundamental issue: who shall control the nation's destiny—the handful of Wall Street monopolists or the masses of the people? It meant that the forces of wealth and reaction were determined, by hook or crook, to reverse the democratic verdict of November 1936. Coming in the midst of the critical events in Spain, Central Europe, France, Britain, and China, the drive on the Reorganization Bill and its aftermath must be viewed as part of the offensive of world reaction and fascism which has as its aim the weakening and isolation of the democratic forces as the prerequisite to large-scale war.

The serious implications of the defeat of the Reorganization Bill are already apparent. "Wagner Act Next" was the blunt title of the leading editorial in the *Herald Tribune* of April 13, only a few days after the measure's defeat. The *Herald Tribune* was a bit over-eager, for what came next was the compromise on the tax bill which the tory coalition wrested from the administration. This compromise, while retaining the principle of the undistributed-profits tax, actually gives big business almost everything it sought in regard to this tax and the capital-gains levy. With this victory practically under the big-business belt, Mark Sullivan, in a refreshingly candid column, took time out to reveal the demagogy of the campaign against the undistributed-profits and capital-gains taxes. Wrote Sullivan in the *Herald Tribune* of April 28:

> In the talk about the cause of business paralysis special emphasis has been laid on taxation—particularly the capital-gains tax and the undistributed-profits tax. "Repeal these two taxes," it has been said over and over, "and business will go forward."
>
> But we have now seen the Senate and House conference committee agree that both these taxes shall be greatly modified. Still business does not as yet go ahead. . . . We shall have to conclude that the two forms of tax were not the whole cause of paralysis, nor even the main cause.

Sullivan, however, is not exposing the big-business game in the interest of truth, but for the purpose of pointing to the next victim that needs to be prepared for the slaughter.

> There is one cause of the recession which, while often mentioned, is rarely emphasized. This is the sitdown strikes—together with the C.I.O., the organization that first practiced the sitdown conspicuously in America.

Thus the fruit of the Wall Street victory on the Reorganization Bill is ripening very fast indeed. One would have thought that the character of the opposition to the reorganization measure would have caused even the most weak-kneed and obtuse liberal in Congress to recognize the real issue and to use every effort to assure the enactment of the bill. Its defeat by the close margin of 204 to 196 was, however, made possible only by serious defection from the New Deal ranks and by the fact that six Wisconsin Progressives and two Minnesota Farmer-Laborites voted with the reactionaries. These defections are no isolated phenomena, but are an acute expression of the general confusion and disunity that have characterized the liberals in Congress since the 1936 election. How account for the continuation of this state of affairs in view of the demonstrated determination of the tory coalition to scuttle completely the program for which the New Deal and the liberals stand? Three major factors have contributed to the creation of this situation.

First is the division within the labor movement. This not only weakens labor in its economic struggles, but has serious political repercussions. The continuation of the split has facilitated the efforts of the propagandists of big business to turn sections of the farmers and urban middle-classes against labor

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and the New Deal, and it has made it difficult for the trade unions to act as the binding and directing force in the still largely unorganized democratic mass movement. Lack of labor unity in Germany—for which the leaders of the Social-Democratic Party were primarily responsible, just as the leaders of the A. F. of L. are chiefly to blame for the division in our own labor movement—made possible the triumph of fascism through the duping of the middle classes and farmers. In France and Spain, on the other hand, labor unity was the foundation on which was built the People's Front alliance of workers, farmers, and small business and professional people, through which the road was blocked to fascism. In our own country, the A. F. of L.'s executive council, by extending the split into the political field, is greatly increasing the danger of a reactionary victory. A united labor movement would overnight become a powerful attracting force for the farmers and middle classes and *would help stiffen the spines of the faint-hearted New Dealers and progressives in Congress.*

The second factor is the strength of isolationist tendencies among many of those members of Congress who adopt a progressive position on domestic issues. The connection between isolationism and the vote on the Reorganization Bill may not be apparent on the surface, but it is deep-going, nevertheless. What the liberals who advocate that the United States pursue the isolationist course desired by Hitler, Mussolini, the Mikado, Chamberlain, and our own Hearsts and Coughlins fail to understand is that domestic and foreign policies are essentially a unit. The aggressions and banditry of the fascist dictatorships in their relations with other countries are the external expression of the policy of enslavement and terror at home. The consistent peace policy of the Soviet Union has as its foundation the system of Socialist democracy, of production for use, of the steady advance in the living standards of the 180,000,000 people within the U.S.S.R. Similarly, the vacillations of American foreign policy spring from a situation where the dominant finance-capitalist groups which control the economic life of the country are able to exert sufficient pressure in the political sphere and to create sufficient confusion among the common people and their representatives in Congress to prevent a genuine peace policy from being adopted. But one cannot yield to the Hearsts and Coughlins on foreign questions, one cannot fight shoulder to shoulder with the Hamilton Fishes against the policy of Roosevelt's Chicago speech without giving them an entering wedge on domestic issues too. The defeat of the Reorganization Bill, with the astonishing spectacle of six Progressives and two Farmer-Laborites voting the Hearst-Coughlin way, is a warning signal.

On the question of foreign policy, too, the key log in the jam is the trade-union movement. Here the divisions cross A. F. of L. and C.I.O. lines, with isolationists and advocates of collective security in both wings of the labor movement. However, there has been a steady growth of union sentiment for collective peace action, and this offers hope that before long the majority of both the A. F. of L. and C.I.O. unions will be won for this policy. Such a development would make possible the creation of a great mass peace-movement and enormously strengthen the progressive forces on all domestic issues.

The third factor that has helped render the activities of the progressives in Congress so ineffective is the tactics of the Roosevelt administration itself. The concessions to big business after the 1936 election and the curtailment of spending even after the outbreak of the economic crisis certainly did not contribute to the strengthening and unification of the progressives. The failure to implement the splendid words of Roosevelt's Chicago speech has permitted the isolationists to take the offensive, and played into the hands of those who are the New Deal's most bitter opponents on domestic questions. And Roosevelt still tends to lean too much on "old reliables" in Congress who in emergencies prove unreliable or worse; he has not sufficiently encouraged and organized the new young progressives that have come up during the last few years.

What is the outlook for the immediate future? The campaign against the Reorganization Bill was actually the dress rehearsal for the assault on the new Roosevelt recovery program, involving this time a major social and political issue which constitutes by implication the nucleus of a platform for the congressional elections. All the tory batteries have been blazing away at the recovery program. In view of the approaching elections, a frontal attack may not always be feasible, and the tory strategy is to hedge about whatever legislation is passed with so many restrictions that the New Deal will be hamstrung in its efforts to provide relief for the needy and curb the depression. Moreover, as in the case of the Reorganization Bill, the issues are far broader than the actual spending and lending program. This has been frankly stated by Walter Lippmann, that most pious and jesuitical of the journalistic mandarins of big business. In a column entitled, "A Program for the Opposition" (*Herald Tribune,* April 21), Lippmann wrote:

> There are two real issues before Congress. The first is whether the President is to be left with the huge personal and factional power to allocate several billion dollars. The second is whether Congress, exerting its constitutional authority over revenues, will refuse to vote more money until it has obtained concessions from the President—concessions on the Senate tax bill, on peace with the utilities, on a reform of his labor policy.

In other words, more political blackmail, a renewed attempt to browbeat the President of the United States into surrendering to the pro-fascist monopolies whose program the people decisively rejected in November 1936.

The Roosevelt recovery program is not as adequate as it might be, but to regard it merely from the standpoint of its legislative provisions is to adopt a mechanical, formal approach that misses the heart of the issue. The program is not only a reversal of the misguided "economy" trends that have dominated administration policy since the 1936 election, but its deeper political significance lies in the fact that *it can become the opening gun in a counter-offensive against reaction.* To fail to understand this and to see it only or primarily in terms of the funds that it does or does not appropriate is to fall into the tory trap. And to launch at this time a new political movement ostensibly to the left of the New Deal, as the LaFollettes are attempting to do, is simply to compound the disunity that already exists in the progressive camp. Such efforts, however desirable their ultimate aims, can only have the effect of facilitating a reactionary victory in the struggle over the recovery program and in the elections, thus impeding the emergence of a new, powerful, progressive party in the United States.

Fortunately the labor movement has been quick to grasp the implications of the Roosevelt recovery program. The A. F. of L., the C.I.O., Labor's Non-Partisan League, as well as scores of individual A. F. of L. and C.I.O. unions and lodges of the Railroad Brotherhoods, have thrown their support to the program. The National Farmers' Union has also endorsed it, and evidence presented in the *Daily Worker* shows that large numbers of small business men are rallying behind the President's proposals. The fact that both on this question and on the new Wages and Hours Bill which has been reported by the House Labor Committee, the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. are seeing eye to eye, strengthens the prospects for collaboration on other issues. Though the executive council has declared war on Labor's Non-Partisan League and has ordered A. F. of L. unions to set up political-action committees of their own, A. F. of L.-C.I.O. agreement on two of the most important questions before the country offers an opportunity for A. F. of L. progressives to press for cooperation of these committees with the Non-Partisan League.

One thing should be borne in mind: the political situation in the past year and a half cannot be viewed in simple terms of growing strength of reaction. On the contrary, *it is the strength of the democratic mass movement, the overwhelming Roosevelt victory in the 1936 election, and the tremendous growth and strike achievements of the C.I.O. that have caused the economic overlords to organize a widening offensive in an effort to halt and disrupt the legions of democracy.* To defeat this offensive, to guarantee for our country "democracy—and more democracy," security, and peace, unity is needed, untiy behind the recovery program, unity in the creation in every locality and on a national scale of a democratic front in the elections such as emerged with notable results in the last New York City campaign. The time is short in which to achieve this unity, but it is not yet too late.

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The Loyalists' Program

By Joseph North

BARCELONA, May 2 (By Cable).

WHEN the bombers came, we went down in the subway on the Plaza Catalunya, Barcelona's Times Square. Seven flew overhead, and the anti-aircraft worried them. Loyalist Spain was down below: refugees from Aragon and Lérida sitting on their mattresses with babes in arms, Barcelona workingmen going home to supper, Catalan businessmen in Parisian-cut suits, all jammed down on the lower landing. The fellow in front of me, with a little bay window and baldish head, said, "They won't stay long; our anti-aircraft is a lot better now, since March 17." Others who heard him hoped he was right, but they didn't say anything.

I got to talking with the fellow. He gave me his card: "Filipe Alvarez Rega, Haberdasher, 27 Cortes." He told me that his class, 1927, was to go up tomorrow, and showed me his *carnet*—identification card—which said that he had given eight blood transfusions. "I am husky," he said, "and I've a lot of blood to give." There weren't any heroics about him; he talked calmly, as if about last week's receipts. Now he's going to handle a gun instead of a cash register.

"We can't afford"—he used that term—"to let Franco win. We little businessmen will be squeezed to the wall if fascism wins. The government protects the little fellow," he said. "Franco is big business. *Claro!*" (*Claro* is Spanish for "sure"; they say it every other sentence.)

When the alarm sounded off and the planes went back to Mussolini's airports in Majorca, he invited me to his store and I went with him. It was a nice store, and I bought a bright necktie for May Day. "Everybody buys bright merchandise nowadays," he said cheerfully. "Business is good. Nobody wants to save money nowadays because you never know. . . ." He wanted me to come around and have dinner with him when he came back from the war. I shook hands with him. "What party are you in?" I asked. "Left Republican," he told me. "I'm Communist," I said. "I'm no extremist," he replied, "I'm in the middle of the road. But bombs," he said with sly Catalan humor, "bounce as hard off republican heads as off Communists." I shook hands all around again with him, his wife, and his clerk, and he told me to come around any time and I'd get good service.

When I left that store, I thought how splendid a political instrument the People's Front was, how dead right the various parties were in this program. For to win against totalitarian warfare you need the totality of the people with you, you need every man and his wife in the rearguard as well as at the front to work for victory.

You always think of trenches when you think of war: no-man's land, machine guns, artillery going over the top. But the wars of 1938 aren't won by military men alone; they're the vanguard but you can't win without the rearguard. Politics has the last word.

Our Stephen Crane wrote of the red badge of courage, and described the lads in the lines today. You must pin that badge on the people back home as well, on wife, mother, the kid brother, and the haberdasher too. They're all in the army now. Totalitarian warfare against their country drafted them. The crowd in that subway, hiding away for a few moments from the aviators, this businessman, all republican Spain, in short, must have some deep purpose to keep on going against the terrorism of fascist warfare. They have that deep purpose, all save the top layer. They will win. That's the difference.

It was in this setting that Negrín made his May Day Eve declaration outlining the government's purposes. He reiterated that the will of the government of national union is to prosecute the war to victory. Negrín said that the cabinet has the confidence of all parties and trade unions, and he's absolutely right. He repeated the aims of the government, why it carries on this war: to assure absolute independence and integrity for Spain; not a parcel of land to go to the invaders, the allies of Spanish fascism; it will be a Spain completely freed from all foreign interference; the republic will truly be a people's government; a legal and social structure will be the result of a plebiscite to be conducted as soon as the war is ended; full guarantees to all Spaniards will be granted; there will be a general amnesty and everybody who wishes to "coöperate in the immense task of reconstruction and elevation of Spain" will have the right to vote.

For those who have read too much Hearst-concocted news on Spain, it would do well to read point seven of Negrín's declaration: "The state will guarantee property legally and legitimately acquired within the limits imposed by the supreme interest of the nation, and also the protection of the producer without harming individual initiative. It will prevent accumulation of wealth from leading to the exploitation of citizens and from infringing on the rights of the people as a whole." The declaration says further: "The state will encourage the development of small property, will guarantee a livelihood for each family, and will stimulate every measure leading to the economic, moral, and racial improvement of the producing classes." Racial rights will be respected, Negrín said. "Those foreigners who have not aided the rebellion will be respected, and inquiries will be opened regarding compensation for damages caused during the course of the war." For this purpose the government has already set up a foreign-claims commission.

Needless to say, social legislation for the laboring masses is and will continue to be a major factor in the government's considerations. Point nine declares: "The state will guarantee the rights of the worker by means of advanced social legislation in accordance with specific needs of Spanish life and economy. The cultural, physical, and moral improvement of the race will be the prime and basic concern of the state." Negrín reiterated the constitutional doctrine of renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. Spain will be faithful to its pacts and treaties and will support the policy symbolized in the League of Nations which will continue to be the keynote of its policy, but it demands its place "in the concert of nations." It stands for collective security as a means of defending peace.

These, in brief, were the highlights of Negrín's declaration. They cannot be repeated too often, considering the obfuscation spread by the reactionary press concerning Spain. These points are well understood by all elements in Spain from the Anarchists to the Left Republicans. The veriest youth in loyalist Spain knows them. Last night I went to a conference of the *Juventudes Socialistas Unitadas*, of Catalonia's youth. Six hundred delegates from Barcelona to Portbou sat in darkness to save current for war industries, and held their meeting. Twenty-year-old Secretary Wenceslao Colomer stood in complete darkness on the platform and made his report lasting an hour. He laced into lads, none older than himself, most of them between fifteen and twenty, for not having "spread their work sufficiently to all strata of the population." "We must bring the Popular Front program to everybody," he said. He was hard and didn't spare anybody, including himself. They took it, these kid brothers of men at the front. Some of them had been at the front themselves and had leave to attend the meeting. They sat with Sam Browne belts and revolvers. They brought candles and took notes in the feeble glare. John Little, the youth leader in the United States, and I were in the hall, and the chairman called for us to come to the platform. When he said that we were from *Estados Unidos* and had come to help them in their fight, the kids got up cheering, and shouted "Viva Solidarite Internacional!" They sang *Joven Guardia* ("Young Guard"). They were very happy that the *extranjeros* had come to help their fight. And they cheered away there in the dark.

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Spain and China

BOTH in Spain and in China the armies of the fascist invaders have, as we go to press, once more been brought to a halt. Spain has survived its darkest hour, and Franco's great offensive, which was supposed to deliver the *coup de grace* to the republic, has definitely spent itself. On the south bank of the Ebro and at Lérida the fascist war-machine has been stalled for nearly three weeks, and the loyalists are now entrenched in strong positions. Only in the Teruel area and down the coast toward Castellon have the rebels made any headway in recent fighting, though in those regions, too, the rains and increased resistance have checked further advances. And despite the wishful speculations of "General" William P. Carney of the New York *Times* concerning the imminent collapse of the republic, the reorganized Negrín government is functioning more harmoniously and effectively than any of its predecessors, proving to the world that Spanish democracy has the will to resist and win.

In China the second Japanese offensive, designed to wipe out the defeat of Taierhchwang and capture Suchow, has already bogged. The Chinese not only continue to hold Taierhchwang and other strategic towns, barring the road to the east-west Lung-Hai Railway, but are preparing another counter-offensive that may result in a second major military disaster for Japan.

In both Spain and China, however, it can be expected that the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis will pour in new troops and equipment and redouble efforts to achieve quick and decisive victories. Spain and China ask of the democratic world no military aid, but only the possibility of obtaining the means to enable them to drive out the foreign invaders.

New Nazi Outrages

THE Nazi coup in Austria seems to have been the signal for a new drive against the Jews. In what was once Austria, one of the most tragic of all the chapters of Nazi persecution of the Jews is now being written. Forced deportations, the elimination of Jews from economic life, hoodlum attacks by Storm Troopers, and the application of "racial" laws seem to be only the prelude to worse, as General Goering announces that by 1942 all Jews must be eradicated from Vienna. And on the heels of the Austrian outrages comes a new decree from Goering ordering all Jews in Germany, including those of foreign citizenship, to report by June 30 all property in excess of five thousand marks. This seems to be preliminary to outright seizure and has created something of a flurry in foreign diplomatic quarters. The Jews of Germany and Austria have the Chamberlain government and the whole policy of truckling to the fascist barbarians to thank for their present plight. It is not enough to protest. It is time for both Jew and Gentile, for all who cherish democracy and peace to stand together, and compel their governments to stand together, against the fascist menace.

The Railroads Attack Wages

THE railroads bludgeoned the Interstate Commerce Commission into permitting them to raise freight rates. They followed this increase in income with a cry that the new rates did not bring sufficient returns—hence they demanded consolidation, wage reductions, and an increase in passenger rates of a half-cent a mile. The latter request was refused. After asking for a joint conference with the railroad unions to discuss a voluntary "temporary" wage reduction, flatly rejected by the twenty brotherhoods, the companies have announced that they will request a 15 percent wage cut, to be effective July 1.

The unions have already gone on record as refusing to accept any reduction in pay. Further they point out that wage-cut proposals fly in the face of the administration's recovery program which is designed to increase purchasing power.

The justification for the proposed cuts? From 1930 to 1937, the railroads pocketed profits totaling $4,762,000,000, an average of over $500,000,000 a year. Even in 1932, the worst year, the profits exceeded $3,500,000. And while the profits rolled in, the roads cut employment, so that today between 600,000 and 800,000 men are jobless and will probably never be reëmployed by the railways.

The excuse offered by the roads is that they "raised wages" 10 percent in 1935. But they actually did not raise wages—they merely restored a former cut. Aided now by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the companies expect workers to contribute more than one-seventh of their weekly wages to pay the interest on the vast bonded debt resulting from watered capitalization, and the swollen salaries of a handful of top executives.

What the railroad executives hope for is that, having demanded a 15 percent decrease, they will be able to "compromise" on a 5 percent cut, which will amount to about $83,000,000 annually. With the brotherhoods firm in their resistance, the companies must present their case before the Railroad Labor Board, and submit to mediation and arbitration. The Railroad Labor Act, under which the board functions, virtually rules out strikes, but with militant opposition the cut can be prevented.

Free for Whom?

THE high spot of the convention of newspaper publishers was Henry Ford's speech. The great industrialist, who has never shown especial regard for the press—except perhaps when he was a publisher engaged in spreading anti-Semitism in the United States—made a speech of only two sentences. "We are all on the spot," he said with Dearborn simplicity. "Stick to your guns, and I will help you, with the assistance of my son, all I can."

The "spot" Mr. Ford referred to was taken to allude to the ravages of the New Deal on such hard-pressed people as Mr. Ford and the publishers. The auto magnate had just been to see the President—and as anti-progressive No. 1, Henry Ford's hatred of the administration had probably been rekindled. As to the "guns" Mr. Ford alluded to, there are plenty of those at the Dearborn plant and the publishers have never been particularly disturbed at their use by either Mr. Ford or other industrialists.

The meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association concerned itself with freedom of the press. So devoted were the publishers to this freedom that the meetings were held in the greatest secrecy and only the most censored releases found their way into the papers. Indeed, it seems that the greatest menace to a free press is President Roosevelt and his administration, because, in the publishers' eyes, progress and freedom of the press do not go hand in hand. The freedom cherished by the publishers does not include honest reporting of the New Deal—remember the 1936 election campaign?

Some rather sharp friction developed between the large publishers and the small publishers. For the sake of freedom of the press, the developing disagreements were left unreported. But one important contribution was made by the A.N.P.A.—the convention pointed out that "only recently the President

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of the United States made his eleventh 'fireside talk' to the nation. . . . This is a precedent which in future years might encourage dictatorship."

Thus the publishers believe that when the President explains his policy to the electorate, dictatorship is in the offing. But they see no danger in the weekly talks of W. J. Cameron, Ford publicity man, or of Father Coughlin.

We turn from this impertinence to another and refreshingly clear appraisal of what is wrong with the press, made by William Allen White. Mr. White, nationally known editor of the *Emporia Gazette,* told University of Pennsylvania students on May 2 that what is wrong is that the newspapers are run in the interests of vested capital. The owners "feel a rather keen sense of responsibility" and they pass this anxiety on to their employees. "The sense of property goes thrilling down the line," declared Mr. White. "It produces a slant and a bias that in time becomes—unconsciously and probably in all honesty is—a prejudice against any man or any thing or any cause that seriously affects the right, title, and interest of any other capital, however invested."

Those Pulitzer Prizes

IT is perhaps idle to take issue with the annual Pulitizer prize awards in letters and journalism. The prize committee is as hopelessly conservative as its pompous spokesman, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia. As one examines the ragged record of twenty years, one is more surprised at the intelligent choices, which the committee sometimes makes almost in spite of itself, than at the mediocre and stupid ones. This year's selections offer no important exceptions to this rule.

It is worth calling attention to some glaring perversions of value reflected in this year's list. The most obvious is the choice of Arthur Krock, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times,* "for distinguished service as a foreign or Washington correspondent during the year." The obvious choice for the prize was Herbert L. Matthews, the *Times* correspondent in Spain, whose dramatic and fearless reporting has set a new high in war correspondence. He should have won the prize last year, instead of Anne O'Hare McCormick. He certainly should have won it this year.

The award of the history prize to Paul Herman Buck for his *The Road to Reunion* is shocking, not only when you consider that previous awards went to such writers as Frederick J. Turner, Vernon Louis Parrington, and Van Wyck Brooks, but when you examine the content of his book. Buck's study of the post-Civil War period treats the subjugation of the Negro as a "realistic" solution of the "unchanging" race problem. We should hardly expect a Pulitzer committee to nominate a book like James S. Allen's *Reconstruction.* But former Ambassador Dodd's *The Old South: Struggles for Democracy* was not written by a Marxist, and it is an infinitely superior study to the anti-Negro history by Mr. Buck. Is it merely a coincidence that last year's novel award went to *Gone With the Wind,* another libel on the Negro people?

Ray Sprigle of the reactionary Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* was awarded $1,000 for his inspired smear of Justice Hugo L. Black. This biased series performed a "distinguished service" to nobody but the enemies of the New Deal. The award of a prize to John P. Marquand for his *The Late George Apley* can be commented on only with an ostentatious shrug of the shoulders.

In awarding the poetry prize to Marya Zaturenska for her *Cold Morning Sky,* the Pulitzer committee betrayed one of those uncommon glimpses of intelligence which hardly make up for this year's almost uniform record of Union League judgment.

A Notable Message

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message on monopoly is one of the most remarkable documents that has come out of the White House in years. In simple and persuasive language, buttressing his argument with statistical evidence, the President has presented *in parvo* much of the critique of monopoly which both liberal and Marxian economists have been making for years. And so effectively has he stated the case that the tory press has been able to do little more than whine that this sort of thing is not likely to "restore confidence," drawing whatever consolation it can from the fact that Roosevelt proposed a comprehensive study of the problems involved rather than measures for immediate action.

Certain it is that the problems posed by capitalist monopoly are not simple. The ineffectiveness of all previous attempts to cope with those problems through the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust laws is attested by the President's statement that "today a concentration of private power without equal in history is growing." He proceeds to paint the ominous picture of this concentration—of 5 percent of all corporations owning 87 percent of all assets, of less than 4 percent of all manufacturing corporations gobbling up 84 percent of the net profits of all of them. And he demolishes one of the favorite myths of the big-business apologists of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era, that wide distribution of stock ownership is checking the growth of monopoly and democratizing control of industry.

Roosevelt also points to the consequences of monopoly: the glaring inequalities in the distribution of income, the growth of unemployment, the freezing of prices at high levels, the squeezing out of small-business enterprise.

To state the case against monopoly is comparatively easy. It is in the attempt to find a remedy or remedies that the real difficulty begins. For the fact is that the problems of monopoly cannot be completely solved under capitalism. The concentration and centralization of capital is an inexorable law of capitalist development which Marx was the first to discover. Monopoly represents the sharpest expression of the basic contradiction inherent in the present economic system, that between socialized production and private appropriation of the wealth produced. This is essentially what is implied in President Roosevelt's phrase, "private collectivism," though he is far from accepting the Marxian thesis. The contradiction is further expressed in the fact that monopoly capitalism is parasitic and socially reactionary and at the same time is the transition to a high order, Socialism. It is Socialism and Socialism alone that, by collectivizing ownership as well as production, can resolve this fatal contradiction and change monopoly from an instrument for enriching the few into a means of increasing the well-being and happiness of all mankind. The extreme concentration of private ownership that Roosevelt points to is a symptom that America is ripe for the Socialist solution whose effectiveness has been demonstrated in the Soviet Union.

Does this mean that nothing can be done

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short of the Socialist transformation of society? President Roosevelt believes that *something can and must be done now.* And we who differ with him regarding the ultimate way out agree that much can be done immediately to curb certain monopolistic abuses and aid the workers, farmers, and small-business and professional people in their battle against Wall Street domination. The President recommends the appropriation of a minimum of $500,000 for a comprehensive study by the Federal Trade Commission, the Department of Justice, and the Securities and Exchange Commission, and he indicates some of the fields that this study should embrace. We can only add that, pending completion of the study, there are many lines along which the administration can act.

That President Roosevelt is aware of this is evident from his vigorous defense of the undistributed-profits tax and his recommendation that Congress enact at this session legislation to regulate bank holding companies.

The whole message is a happy departure from the mistaken N.R.A. policy which strengthened monopoly. And it is something more than economic analysis and legislative proposals. In this message are the outlines of a political program. For millions of Americans will agree with the President that the danger to democracy "comes from that concentrated private economic power which is struggling so hard to master our democratic government." A serious struggle against the pro-fascist monopolies will muster the support of the overwhelming majority of the people.

LaFollette's Adventure

GOVERNOR PHILIP LAFOLLETTE has made the headlines with his National Progressive Party of America. Inviting a handful of liberals to Madison, Wis., the Governor surprised them by announcing the formation of a new political party. His speech inaugurating his private party was full of mystical high sentiment that, for all its programmatic vagueness, was clear enough in its attack on Roosevelt and the New Deal.

The moment chosen for this attack on Roosevelt and the progressives was less than a week before important primaries. At the time when American progressives have need for the greatest unity, LaFollette decides on a political adventure. Without consulting progressives elsewhere, with no attempt to enlist the support and advice of Labor's Non-Partisan League, the progressives within the Democratic Party, the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, the American Labor Party, the Commonwealth Federation of Washington, LaFollette blasts the New Deal and appoints himself head of a rescue junta.

Without doubt, a new party is needed by workers, farmers, progressives, liberals in America. But such a party must be based on the unity of all progressive forces in order to have any chance of success. It will not be formed by the proclamation of one man who outlines the party's platform to suit himself.

And what of LaFollette's platform? He utters no word rebuking monopoly. He proposes no measures to protect farmers or workers or to aid the unemployed, the aged, and the dispossessed. He has no suggestion to increase the purchasing power of the consumer. There are words attacking labor "which seeks to maintain higher costs," but no mention of starvation wages, or of monopoly as the relevant cause of higher costs. LaFollette attacks the weaknesses of the New Deal farm-aid program—and proposes instead action that would place the farmer at the mercy of the commodity exchange and the monopolists. He condemns relief: "We flatly oppose every form of coddling or spoon-feeding the American people—whether it be those on relief, whether it be farmers or workers," at a time when the tories in Congress are attacking the President's recovery program with the same arguments. In all his fine words, the governor omits to pledge support to the Wagner Act or the National Labor Relations Board, nor does he advocate a tax program on corporations, support of relief, housing, wages and hours, soil conservation, farm aid, or the three-billion-dollar W.P.A. program.

The comments on the LaFollette bolt are illuminating. One of Wall Street's chief spokesmen, the *Journal of Commerce,* editorialized:

> Governor LaFollette proposed nothing less than the termination of government relief for the unemployed, the abandonment of crop control, deflation of wages and prices, and the withdrawal of the federal government from housing and other fields in which it has assumed so prominent a role in recent years. The National Progressives would do more than modify the New Deal. . . . They would abolish it from the face of the earth.

The New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* found the speech anti-Roosevelt, anti-New Deal, "startlingly conservative," refreshingly "American." General Hugh Johnson was flattered because the governor's speeches "might have been copied from this [his own] column." Dorothy Thompson considered the governor's speeches "brilliant," though she added "when it comes to practical proposals the speech is weak and the manifesto even weaker. I suspect the governor has been greatly impressed by what Nazi Germany has done with public credit. . . . Governor LaFollette has also learned a great deal from the fascists about psychological appeal." Raymond Clapper, writing in the Scripps-Howard papers, noted this quality reminiscent of "the same type of appeal that has led the millions of Germany and Italy to rush with enthusiasm into a program of patriotic self-sacrifice." And from the Far West, that progressive of progressives, Herbert Hoover, approved the LaFollette party because "if the Republicans continue to stand together as they have recently, and the liberal and conservative Democrats continue to widen the breach between them as they have recently, we should be able to regain leadership."

The applause has come almost solely from the right. Even some of the leaders of the Wisconsin Progressives balked at LaFollette's solo performance. William R. Evjue, editor of the *Capitol Times,* up to now an ardent supporter of the LaFollettes, commented that the governor's speeches "have strengthened the hands of those who are seeking to smash the Roosevelt program now before Congress. If repudiation of President Roosevelt is to be the requisite to joining this new venture, the *Capitol Times* is frank in stating that it will not go along." Representative Thomas Amlie made a similar statement. Assemblyman Emil Costello, president of the Wisconsin C.I.O., felt that LaFollette's move threatened "the unity of all liberal forces."

No one can deny, in the light of the present reactionary drive against the New Deal, that unity of all forward-looking people is a vital necessity. The individually set-up party of Governor LaFollette, neither progressive in program nor national in scope, tends to divide the forces fighting reaction. Its support has come from the right—the most telling comment on the use to which it will be put. The need now is unity—in the labor movement, among all progressives, on the political front. The LaFollette National Progressive Party does not build unity. Rather than contributing to the fight against reaction in the coming 1938 elections, it threatens the democratic front which alone can realize the end supposedly uppermost in LaFollette's mind.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Watch Whalen

AT one stage in my spotted career I was in politics. The politicians took me lightly, and I was never anything but one of the hired help, a publicity man who thought up little lies to pin on the opposition, but I learned a great deal about human nature. The general theory is that politicians become such because (a) they are genuinely devoted to public service (very rare), or (b) they ardently desire to sup at the public trough, or (c) they crave the limelight.

The sordid crooks, the hard-faced deputy sheriffs in Southern towns, and murderous hangers-on who infect such a place as Jersey City do not come under any head—and can be ignored. They are the scum upon which the beautiful barges of the Hagues and Pendergasts and Kellys keep afloat. But there is another classification which has to be considered: the politician who is the thwarted actor. It is my firm conviction that every politician of a rank higher than a skunk is a thespian at heart. I have known governors so hammish that they found it impossible to ask for the butter without putting on a scene resembling Edwin Booth playing King Lear. After they had acquired a frock coat and a black Stetson hat, their manner altered to such a degree that their wives had to get them undressed before they could be certain they hadn't married a robot.

The matter comes to mind because recently I have been watching with fascinated attention the writhings of a man who so desperately wants to be an important politician that one can only gaze on him with revulsion. The revulsion comes easy in this case because the man happens to be Grover Whalen. What prompts me to write about him was a scene enacted at the opening of the baseball season at the Polo Grounds. The battle which went on there was so much more exciting than the game which followed between the New York Giants and the Boston Bees that the announcer failed in his duty in not pointing it out. Mr. Whalen showed up in his dapper outfit (black jacket, striped pants, cane, etc.), with the determined purpose of snatching a position in the center and smack in front of the cameras. His excuse for sticking his handsome physog in the picture was sound enough for he was there promoting the World's Fair. Mr. Whalen is going to have his face in all public pictures from now until somebody either burns down the Fair or pushes Mr. Whalen sharply from the rear at every click of a shutter.

To make certain that he would get proper spotting, Mr. Whalen took another action which verged on genius: he dragged with him out of the stands a man named Babe Ruth. Babe Ruth in the setting of an opening-day baseball game may be compared only with the Duke of Wellington returning to England after the battle of Waterloo or Admiral Dewey after Manila. In brief he is the entire show, and the man who keeps Mr. Ruth in tow is going to be so close to the limelight that it will singe him. What Mr. Whalen was doing was giving somebody a medal or receiving a medal or some other nonsense which had nothing to do with baseball.

In the midst of this, drama was being enacted. In the group which surrounded Mr. Whalen and Mr. Ruth was another gentleman known as Fiorello La Guardia, who happened merely to be the mayor of New York. At this stage of the proceedings Signor La Guardia was taking a bad beating. The casual spectator would have missed him entirely. The pudgy little figure in black was being pushed briskly to the rear and nudged out of the front rank by strange individuals with Irish countenances who were there to bask while Grover beamed.

The grandstand occupants gazed at this with the customary combination of boredom and resignation which they always give to opening-day services. What they wanted to see was Big Ears Melton step in the box and mow them down. When Babe Ruth had hopped out on the playing field and waved a comradely hand, they had cheered—but for the rest it was solely a stage wait which was filling them to the ears with ennui. They didn't know who was out in the middle of the diamond holding matters up, but they hoped to God they would soon get through with it. There would come a point when the more raucous of the paying guests would utter a few hoarse insults, but the American sporting public is notoriously polite, and so far they were bearing it stoically. Mr. Whalen appeared anxious to make martyrs of them all, for he dragged out the ceremonies far beyond the point where a Whalen is even bearable. When at last there was no cameraman with strength left to snap a shutter, he reluctantly withdrew from the scene.

And this is when the drama reached its height. As Mr. Whalen set himself for his triumphant return to his seat in the stands, he realized suddenly that the parade had passed him. The group around home plate had separated and had started drifting away, but behind was left a small dark figure looking more than ever like Soglow's Little King. It was Fiorello, still mayor of the great City of New York. He wore a baseball cap on his head and on one hand he had a baseball glove. In the other hand he clutched a ball.

This at last was something like it, the opening-day reverences as they should be maintained. The crowd sat up and laughed and applauded and forgot Mr. Grover Whalen and his World's Fair. Just a minute before, Mr. Whalen's waxed mustache had been gleaming in the sunlight. His star was in the ascendancy; he was a great man in a great setting, the center of 45,000 pairs of eyes, the certain hero of the pictures to be published next day in the papers—and now he was the Forgotten Man, the gent who had held up the proceedings and bored everybody blind.

Fiorello strode to the mound. He took his windup. His stocky little figure whirled around like Freddie Fitzsimmons about to unfurl his knuckle ball. He let fly with a pitch into the glove of Gus Mancuso, captain of the Giants. It wasn't much of a pitch but it was in the approved American manner. It pleased a crowd which can be critical, if not cruel. I made everybody very happy to get the vision of Mr. Whalen out of their minds. It was also a definite political triumph.

It may be a lesson to us to keep an eye on Mr. Whalen, who means no good for anything we like. He will be recalled as the gentleman who "discovered" the Communist plot to murder all New Yorkers in their beds; he is the notorious police chief who urged his men to beat up strikers and hunger marchers; he is the fabulous publicity seeker who did everything by spectacular raids. The Communist plot was proved to be a fake; the papers calling for revolt were discovered (by John L. Spivak) to have been forged in a New York printing shop; the case was abruptly dropped by Grover. While he was chief of police, there was a reign of terror in New York. His police rode down women and children on the sidewalks; the night sticks beat upon the skulls of anybody who dared protest. Leaders who fought for the right of the people to eat were clubbed and thrown in jail.

This is the gentleman who represents New York and America as head of the New York World's Fair. At the last primaries he let his name be used as a candidate for Mayor, later withdrawing it when he realized he was a laughing stock. But he yearns for that office with almost pathetic intensity. He will use his position at the Fair to make himself the best known figure in New York. He will appear again as a charming greeter of visiting celebrities, the job which originally got him in the limelight. Watch the man of little brains as he maneuvers; watch the publicity hound as he works his way in front of the camera; watch the lovely sadist at the head of his private army at the Fair. And, above all else, watch him!

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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"ANOTHER HELPING, SIR?"

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Inside France

By Theodore Draper

PARIS, April 21.

FRENCH foreign policy, as it will evolve during and after the meeting of the League Council in Geneva, will decide the fate of the present government of Daladier. That, in turn, will probably determine Hitler's next move; in the case of Austria, the cabinet of Chautemps fell just before the German army crossed the border. The British tories have revealed their hand with the Anglo-Italian agreement. Germany and Italy have played with their cards face up from the very beginning. Of the great powers in Western Europe, only France remains to be heard. The time is at hand.

The British forced the issue with a maximum rudeness. London has become the clearing-house of fascist diplomatic efforts against France. When M. Blondel, the French *chargé d'affaires* in Rome, initiated preliminary conversations with the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, the French papers had no other source of information about that meeting than the London *Daily Mail,* which has excellent contact with Mussolini. The right-wing press in London, not the Italian press, has been telling France what she must do to restore good relations with Italy. In order to leave nothing to chance, the semi-official British press, notably the *Times,* hurried to add that the Anglo-Italian agreement was less important for what it said than for what it implied. The chief countries involved in the actual documents are Britain and Italy; the chief countries involved in the implications of those documents are Spain and France, and beyond them, the small countries of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. In effect, the fate of these countries was at stake in negotiations in which they had no part. That is typical of British diplomacy: play with somebody else's property and you can't lose.

The chief and almost the only verbal concession of importance made by Mussolini in all of the twenty-five documents which make up the new accord with Britain is the pledge to withdraw Italian troops from Spain. The entire agreement is contingent upon this one point. This promise best reveals what France is up against.

1. It is fraudulent on the face of it. Franco would be overthrown in no time if the foreign interventionists did not remain to "pacify" the people of Spain after any possible fascist victory. The Italians and Germans will be just as indispensable for Franco after the war as now. Indeed, Mussolini's personal organ has informed the world that Italian troops will remain in Spain "until after the victory of Franco." Even under the exact terms of the agreement, any withdrawal will have to be arranged by the Non-Intervention Committee, at best a matter of months.

2. It places a premium on a speedy fascist victory. Obviously, Chamberlain does not intend to see months of negotiation go to waste because one precondition—the conclusion of the war in Spain—has not been satisfied. If he did not intend to help satisfy that condition, he would not have made public the text of the agreement. Both Mussolini and Chamberlain intend to fulfill that condition as speedily as possible.

3. Britain has given France a final reckoning. Either France comes into the settlement with Italy, in which event she must sacrifice Spain, or France stays out and necessarily has to wreck the Anglo-Italian agreement itself. Meanwhile, Germany and Italy have come to terms over their respective spheres of influence. It is pretty certain that Mussolini has agreed to give Hitler complete freedom of action from the Baltic to the Black Sea in return for German support in the Mediterranean basin. A French settlement, under these circumstances, means that France will gradually sink back to second-rate status.

In order to force France into adopting the first course, Chamberlain is resorting to a species of blackmail, not unlike that practiced by Hitler and Mussolini in the immediate past.

Both the French and British General Staffs have insisted upon a military agreement of mutual assistance. The French are especially bent upon obtaining concrete understanding with Great Britain. The required formula has already been worked out. In time of war, both fleets will operate as a unit under command of a British admiral and both armies under a French general. This agreement is Chamberlain's bait with which to hook France into collaboration with Italy.

A very simple expedient lies at hand for the execution of this scheme. Since October 31, 1936, France has had no ambassador in Rome. Mussolini refuses to accept one unless he is accredited to the "King of Italy and Emperor of Ethiopia," in other words, unless France recognizes the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. Negotiations for an "accord" with Italy could take the slightly ambiguous form of negotiations for a French ambassador in Rome. The rightist press realizes that this makes an excellent strategy because it so beclouds the real issues. It is making the most of the opportunity, and the pressure upon the government for "representation" in Rome is very great.

Prudence has dictated that any real Franco-Italian negotiations wait until after the session of the League Council. That meeting has suddenly jumped into the news as a historic event. It would take a hardy spirit to predict much good from the Council meeting. Czechoslovakia, which last year championed the cause of Ethiopia at Geneva, has now recognized the Italian conquest and sent a new minister to Rome. The small democracies of Eastern Europe have little choice when the large ones of Western Europe fail them so miserably.

Meanwhile, the bulk of the French press—almost all but the Communist and Socialist papers—is preparing the country for a Franco-Italian "settlement." It is worth citing their arguments to give some taste of the Chamberlain propaganda here. In the name of realism, France is asked to surrender every realistic means of self-protection. It is argued that France cannot afford to stand alone; that Spain is irrevocably lost; that France must make the best of a bad bargain; that Italy can still be bribed to split with Germany; that Czechoslovakia is of no importance; that the Soviet alliance enrages the fascist powers to desperation; that France is too weak to take a strong stand; that France must follow Britain no matter where, *ad infinitum.* The reactionary press plays an infinite number of variations on each of these themes every day.

Talk has even started again of the Four-Power Pact, a Hitler invention. The Berlin formula projects an agreement between Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and France to maintain the peace of Western Europe, a circumlocution for a Nazi reign of terror in Eastern Europe. In effect, any such pact would be a long step towards securing the isolation of the Soviet Union. It would necessarily divest France of every dependable ally. In the end, it would bring war to Western Europe via war in Eastern Europe. The wire-pullers of the Anglo-Italian agreement do not view any such prospect with alarm. Great Britain would have played the broker for Italy; and Italy, in turn, would have been broker for Germany.

Such are the forces which have been set in motion by the Anglo-Italian agreement. It would be idle to deny that the Left is very uneasy about the possibilities. Within the French government itself, there appears to be a conflict of outlook, the depth of which cannot yet be gauged. The Foreign Minister, Bonnet, seems entirely partial to the Chamberlain strategy. If the worst comes to pass, he more than any one else will be responsible for it. Still, there are firm supporters of the Franco-Soviet pact in the other ministries. Daladier himself is understood to favor the latter view. The gravest danger is that the government will try to do the impossible and end by doing the worst. By this I mean that it may try to change the moral tone of Europe by sanctifying the very crimes which have made a mockery of international morality.

The situation is infinitely complicated by a number of internal developments.

From 1934 until about 1936, the Left deeply feared a fascist coup. Throughout those years, the Croix de Feu of de la Rocque (later rebaptized the French Social Party to evade the prohibition against secret organizations) grew more powerful. Doriot followed with a more demagogic fascism, mixed with liberal doses of anti-Semitism and with less concealed links to

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Berlin. Both those conspiracies were receiving large sums of money from the big bankers and industrialists. While Laval was in power, they enjoyed the sympathy, and often the secret support, of the state.

The high point of this fascist growth was probably reached early in 1937. In September of that year, the Cagoulard conspiracy was exposed to the public and the decline of the fascist leagues became very apparent. Doriot has been especially vulnerable. De la Roque is now the stronger of the two but he, significantly, is trying to adopt the methods of traditional reaction. This was recently illustrated in an amusing way. When Daladier's demand for decree power came before the Chamber, de la Rocque's paper reported that his deputies had abstained. Next morning came an apology and an explanation. It appeared that the vote was taken after the paper had gone to press and the political reporter decided to use his own judgment on the basis of past performances. The de la Rocque group, however, decided to align itself with the Center and voted for the measure, unlike the other fascists who actually abstained.

This vote was significant as an attempt by de la Rocque to link himself with the now dominant policy of French capital. Sensing the decline in popular support of the fascist leagues, reaction began some months ago to change the character of its attack against the Popular Front. Whereas the fascist leagues had sought to overthrow the government, the tactic now is to capture it. The Right wants a government which will do "legally" what de la Rocque once promised to do by force.

Of course, it would be unwise to read any basic conflict into this rough distinction between the terrorist and parliamentary methods of French reaction. Actually, at least since 1934, big business has supported both. But until quite recently, the main emphasis and the main danger were the terrorist conspiracies à la Croix de Feu. Today the emphasis is on parliamentary manipulation.

Reaction had to resurrect a few political corpses in order to fight the Popular Front on parliamentary terrain. Now it needed "statesmen," not demagogues. The mantle of leadership has fallen on Pierre-Etienne Flandin, president of the so-called Democratic Alliance, the preëminent party of French capital, and Pierre Laval, the man who sabotaged sanctions against Italy in 1935-36. The politics of both men are the politics of fascism pursued on a parliamentary plane. Flandin is at present the more important of the two, though Laval is more cunning. The left-wing press has singled out Flandin as Chamberlain's most important ally in France. *L'Humanité,* the Communist paper, never refers to Flandin except as Seyss-Inquart Flandin, a political commentary in itself.

Flandin has frankly expressed his policy as that of "intermediary stages" away from a government resting upon a Popular Front majority to a government wholly obedient to the right. This transition is not easy, given the prevailing sentiment among the people and the extremely large Communist and Socialist representation in the Chamber of Deputies. But the new strategy of the Right is one of almost exact imitation of the Chamberlain policy in England. That is why the foreign policy of the next few weeks may hold such crucial decisions for France.

On the Left, the situation equally defies easy generalizations. The Popular Front holds fast, of that no doubt. But a number of parties within the Front are now going through internal crises. The Communists are the only ones able to act with firmness and consistency. As a result, they have again begun to take on many new members after a lull in growth in 1937. Their last membership figure was 340,000, with another 100,000 in the youth organization.

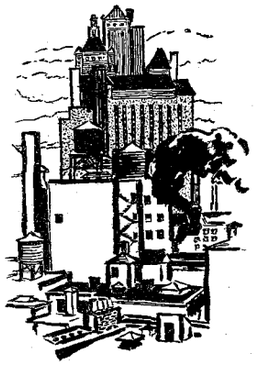
The chief problem is the Socialist Party. In large part, the Socialists had only themselves to blame for their brief and inglorious second administration. The party has not been able to settle its own internal differences without a major operation. The basic conflicts within the Socialist camp are two. In Paris, the local party came under the control of Marceau Pivert, an adventurer strongly influenced by Trotskyist doctrine. Pivert embarrassed Blum no end. The climax came when a demonstration before the Senate called by Pivert was banned by Marx Dormoy, then Socialist Minister of the Interior. About ten thousand members will be affected by the decision of the national council of the Socialist Party to "reorganize" Pivert's stronghold, the Socialist Federation of the Seine. A party congress is scheduled for next month and the Blum-Fauré-Auriol group is sure to hold the majority. Pivert's expulsion will in the long run benefit the Socialists; meanwhile, the wound is still open.

Second, a profound conflict exists between the urban and rural Socialists. This has always been true, but the Socialists have not always been in the government so that it never became acute. One of the planks of Blum's financial program would have placed a capital levy on property worth 100,000 francs and over. A good many of the rural house-owners in France are worth that much, and their Socialist representatives balked.

All this is important because it partially explains why Blum was ousted with such ease. He did not even put his financial program to a vote of confidence. He did not consult the other parties in the Popular Front. The general interpretation here is that the Socialists rather wanted to get out. They believed that it would be easier to regain some semblance of unity in their own ranks as an opposition party. The temptation to adopt this doubtful expedient to fix party fences must have been strong. After Daladier finished reading his ministerial statement, the government called for a vote. All the parties were ready except the Socialists. Vincent Auriol, their spokesman, demanded a temporary suspension of the session. Daladier strenuously objected, but finally agreed. For two hours, the deputies twiddled their thumbs while the Socialists wrangled. The vote in the Socialist caucus to support Daladier was only fifty-eight against forty-three, a margin of but eight votes.

The Radical Socialists were never a unitary party, and they are not one today. As one of the vice-presidents of the party, himself a left-winger, said to me: "While Laval was in power, my party leaned toward the Left. We were represented in that government and yet we helped to smash it. While Blum was in power, my party leaned toward the Right. And we also helped to bring that to an end." Now that Daladier is in power, the Radicals are less divided than before, but they still represent no clear direction for France. Most of the Radical leaders are definitely anti-fascist, but they are also very eclectic in their politics. The situation would be much worse were it not for the fact that ninety out of the 120 Radical deputies in the Chamber know that they owe their election to the Popular Front, which means that they cannot defy popular sentiment with impunity.

In summary, the Daladier cabinet marks an effort to find a new equilibrium in French politics. Unless the situation changes drastically, the coming alignment will be worked out within the frame work of the Popular Front. Meanwhile, however, the situation is more fluid than at any time in the past two years. Foreign policy, as usual, bears the closest watching. The present government shows a tendency to achieve an alliance with Great Britain *at all costs;* if so, it cannot fail to have important repercussions upon internal affairs. At present, everybody anxiously awaits the meeting of the League which nobody expects to be important in itself, but significant rather as a warning of things to come. Right now there is a temporary lull. When that finishes, history will be made in double-quick time.



Robert Patterson

Chant

And since the simple edifice of our lives
Compares in no way to the skyscraper,
single and alone,
We are glad to take the even pattern
of our ways
Together, working along the same lines
As a wheatfield in winter,
A serried surge of men
With their eyes pressed forward
And their separate lives behind.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

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Liberal Arts and the Marginal Life

By Motier Harris Fisher

ANYONE who still believes in the myth of a fully democratic educational system in the United States need only examine a few of the unpublished payrolls of colleges, beginning with Harvard or Yale and ending up in Texas, Wisconsin, Mississippi, or almost any other state, in order to learn that the same kind of exploitation which is in effect in other sweated industries also exists in higher education, the chief difference being that the colleges are more secretive and less consistent.

Six years ago there were instances in this country of college teaching positions raffled off at auction to the lowest bidder. At one such public auction an appointment which carried some responsibility was knocked down to the applicant who bid seven hundred dollars for the year and agreed to accept half of his pay in vegetables, milk, and other farm produce. At about this same time the president of one of the largest Midwestern universities secured a new position in an Eastern university at a salary of $40,000. Before leaving Midwestern, however, he was instrumental in reducing the pay, first of janitors, then of assistants, and, finally, of almost everyone connected with the college except himself. In appreciation of his economical administration, the state legislature voted to increase his salary by a considerable figure, although the "splendid economy" for which the legislators were so grateful had reduced some of the families of the teaching staff to incomes as low as nine hundred a year. It is true that many of these were what the president referred to as "subsidized students," because they were working on the side for a doctor's degree, yet their actual teaching schedules were frequently heavier than were those of men in the higher ranks.

The system of hiring "subsidized students" served the double purpose of enlarging the graduate school, where there was keenest competition among departments and among colleges, and at the same time reducing the teaching budget enormously. Some of the cheap assistants taught twice as many hours for half the pay of the ranking staff members, but notwithstanding the large number of disgracefully low salaries, the college was able to announce to the world and to the accrediting associations an acceptable salary schedule by the simple device of listing the marginal groups in a separate category and calculating averages from the ranking lists. The former president of Midwestern who is credited with having initiated the system saved the college a lot of money by keeping these young-old starvelings in the lower fringes of the faculty. After he retired he was voted by the community "the most ideal citizen," and his plan was extended to other departments throughout the university. The plan was not original with him; there are few large institutions of higher education in the United States free of some modification of the same kind of economy program. Such a plan will certainly continue to receive the support of those professors who are not over-scrupulous regarding the use in their publications of the research work of these subsidized ones. The extent of ghost writing involving such members of the marginal faculty in colleges and universities cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty, but that it exists is not doubted by alert staff members. True, there is occasional credit given to these workers in the published work, but if there is ever a sharing of royalties by which some of these popular men double and triple their incomes, a modest silence is unbroken with respect to such sharing.

Midwestern University has had as many as forty or fifty assistants in the English Department alone. Here they are known as "section hands," and members of the seven superior ranks of the academic hierarchy—instructors, associates, assistant professors, associate professors, professors, department heads, and deans—resemble straw bosses who are privileged to claim varying degrees of freedom from intercourse with the perennial freshman. Freshman-required courses are the obstetrics of college teaching, and many a conscientious soul has condemned himself to a life of obscure drudgery by fussing too diligently over freshman papers. It is well understood by most of those who move along in the academic game that a man never gets anywhere by sticking his nose into amateur essays or allowing his sympathies to become mixed up with the problems of adolescents.

Activities which do bring rewards in status and salary are not so frequently agreed upon as those which do not. One college president who has lately written a book on the subject confesses that "the most enthusiastic supporters of the present salary practices in the higher educational institutions in America cannot but say that the frequency and amounts of salary increases granted are determined quite largely by factors extraneous to teaching success." There are various surmises as to what these factors may be. Some careful observers have concluded that the prime one is colorlessness, and they maintain that the infallible way to pick a dean from a college gathering in any section of the country is to find a man who is least distinguished from every usual point of view. Others claim that deviousness is a chief requisite for promotion, and there is no doubt that a certain strategy is needed to penetrate the barbed-wire entanglements which surround the inner groups of some college circles. This strategy may include such irrelevant moves as joining the right church or qualifying as a good and convenient partner at bridge or ping-pong. It goes without saying that every ambitious faculty member will take into serious consideration the two primary evidences of faculty competence selected as having the most weight by Melvin Haggerty in his recent study of the evaluation of higher institutions: (1) membership in the "learned societies" (2) publication in those journals of higher education which never pay and are seldom read.

In reality, however, it is about as expedient for college administration to encourage the marginal groups of the faculty to spend time in independent research and in attendance at society meetings as it would be for a housewife to encourage her maid-of-all-work to take up fencing. Someone is needed to carry on with the thankless drudgery in colleges as elsewhere, and those who are scheduled to do it simply have no energy left for creative work of their own.

Perhaps the quickest and most effective means of gaining recognition is to wangle an offer from another college, for there appears to be a dog-in-the-manger attitude among those responsible for college personnel that makes them cling tenaciously to a man for no other reason than that someone else wants him. The reason for this is that standards are so ill-defined that it is often impossible to determine just who are the jewels among the staff members until one assumes unwonted luster by outside recognition.

The term "wangle" is used thoughtfully in connection with offers from another college, for "calls" to better positions for men who have had no opportunity to distinguish themselves have been neither frequent nor spontaneous during the past stagnant years, and there is always an element of risk in angling for a new job. Administration has all of the advantages in such a relationship, and there is no record that it has ever failed to make use of them. It is not unusual to find a college president who states flatly that he considers it unethical for a member of his faculty to apply elsewhere for a position before a resignation is on file in the executive office, and yet who admits no inconsistency in keeping well-qualified men year after year without suitable recognition.

Fortunately for the administrators of mass education in this country, a great many college teachers spend their lives in a state of more or less blissful naïveté. A research problem is offered here for some embryonic doctor of philosophy: What is the price in hæmoglobin of the average Ph.D. degree? How any mature person can keep his eyes open around a modern campus and retain his belief in the ability or even the intention of

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administrators to dispense justice is hard to understand, but the fact is that a great many college teachers never completely recover from their literary readings in freshman rhetoric where one Matthew Arnold usually finds an important niche. When they do, they will form a working union, adopt an effective bargaining policy, and win for themselves a place of respect and influence in the country which may one day rival that which miners and milkmen already have.

With all this speculation among the marginal faculty as to the most effective tactics for getting along in the world of the liberal arts is mixed a certain consternation and amazement over the representatives of those who have got along. "How did old So-and-So get his position of power?" Funny old goat; he takes on without any apologies new men whose qualifications make him appear a chiropractor by comparison, offers them a small fraction of his own salary, and assigns them to the department's drudgery. Looking into his record, one usually discovers that So-and-So made hay when the sun shone on the inept, back in the early Twenties or earlier, that he came with the blessings of the church and equipped with unearned degrees which small colleges like to trade in a sort of mutual-uplift arrangement; that he is an aggressive member of the Non-Society (non-smoker, non-drinker, non-swearer, non-Sunday-golfer, etc.); that he has given frequent public exhibitions of his ability to say nothing eloquently; that the only militant plank of his administrative platform is economy combined with conspicuous expenditure; and that his "love of order is confused with a taste for tyranny." He is a liberal, naturally, for "liberal" and "correct" are synonymous among the great majority of college people, and one who still has the courage to admit that he is a conservative belongs in a museum; he might almost as well admit illiteracy or a preference for war. Liberals are the current coin of college personnel and are about as distinguishable from one another as the elms along the avenue. They are interchangeable among institutions of higher education throughout the land, for their well-controlled sympathies allow them to go equally unchallenged among the Farmer-Laborites of Minnesota, the Ku-Kluxers of Louisiana, or the two-for-a-penny pirates of any local Wall Street.

Although mediocrity is undoubtedly in the saddle, the younger men who are coming along in academic ranks must be on their toes. They need all sorts of extra-curricular talents in addition to a highly specialized skill, and one of these is the ability to appear more affluent than they really are. This means that many of the essentials of life must be sacrificed in favor of mere luxuries if the striving members of the staff are not to come out on the wrong side of injustice. Indigence is a mistake that must be concealed, and newcoming instructors are not left long in doubt concerning the importance of looking to appearances. It is this emphasis which accounts for some of the strange antics of the faculty and more particularly of the faculty wives.

When families living on less than the lowest estimate made by a government bureau for a decent standard of living, an estimate which does not include many items essential to this group, mingle socially with those of the football coach, the town banker, and others whose incomes are several times as large, certain penny gymnastics are called for. It is the need to look to appearances that accounts for the poorly heated and wretchedly equipped homes of this marginal group at Upstate. It also accounts for the strange absence of daily papers, magazines, and new books except those which may be had with patience at the public library. The general atmosphere of irritability and overstrain behind the scenes produces the neurotic and maladjusted child so easily recognizable at the public school as "one of those faculty children."

If the situation were not a little tragic, it might suggest comedy. The wives of these economy teachers become shopkeepers' nightmares. They demand their ounce of flesh from the butcher and the grocer. They know their C.R. (Consumer's Research) and they know their calories. Their husbands are willing, yes, eager, to allow them complete buying autonomy, aware of the necessity which has turned these gentle-faced ones into buying witches.

Look sharp, Mr. Kroger, here comes one of those faculty dames! Weigh your strawberries; she knows exactly what the law expects of a quart. Have you any stale bread that is not yet mouldy or bananas discolored but still firm? If you have she will buy them and also the peck of marble-sized potatoes at half price. She will ask for two beef kidneys. God knows what she does with all those kidneys she takes home. Even the butcher finds them slightly repulsive *en masse,* though he admits there is a lot of good protein in one for seven cents. He has often mimicked the carefully-articulated question she asks as she watches him strip away the heavy casing of suet: "What becomes of the by-products, Mr. Williams?" She recalls that the English make nourishing puddings of suet, so she buys that too. Then she asks for brown, unpolished rice and is disconcerted to learn that the polished variety is cheaper. Inconsistent, too, that a package of wheat cereal weighing twenty-four ounces sells for twenty-five cents when wheat is only eighty cents a bushel. If a bushel of wheat weighs something like fifty or sixty pounds, as she recalls vaguely from her sixth-grade arithmetic that it does, then half a bushel ought to make enough breakfast food to last some time. With this in mind she takes a trip to the grain elevator which she has observed at the edge of town, and persuades the disgruntled operator to grind a half-bushel of wheat, not too fine, not too coarse. If the results are not all that could be desired, still the family has a low-priced breakfast throughout the winter.

She hunts out an obscure but skillful dressmaker who can, at a total cost of twelve dollars, make an acceptable copy of a hundred-dollar dress sent out on overnight approval from Lord and Taylor's. In a neighboring town she discovers an Italian greengrocer from whom she can buy artichokes for her rare guest dinners at half the standard price. She gains a working familiarity with every accessible mill-end shop, sample shop, and sweat shop. She becomes a regular attendant at fire sales, storage company sales, and auctioneer's sales, where she never becomes hypnotized by the bidding but stands quietly aside until she sees an opportunity to pick up a worthy piece of merchandise for a few cents. With one eye closed, she calculates the effect in her gaunt living room of an obsolete square piano which the auctioneer is afraid he will have to cart off at his own expense. At a Sears-Roebuck clearance of out-dated millinery she buys for twelve cents a hat which has frightened away the country people by its exotic style and color, but which she is certain will give the right effect with that suit copied from one of Altman's. She develops style sense to such an extent that the fashion which she adopts in November is copied unconsciously by the local banker's wife in January.

Workman, Workman

Workman, workman,
idling in the park on Sunday,
idle hands amused with idle toil.
On the blue lake clouds are floating;
you are musing, you are dreaming,
and the world's at rest and peaceful.

Boats of bark in muddy eddies
drift along the lake shore
and your restless hands pulse
with the throb of motors
as you gaze upon the rowers and whistle
a tune.

The landscape moves around the lake,
the sun spots the lake with silver,
swanboats glide in a pool of glass,
oars dip and rise, jeweled with water.

Happy in the sunlit air,
a freed people rest from labor.
Sounds of laughter, voices singing,
mingle with the summer breezes
and the murmuring of leaves and lovers.

But your idle hands are restless;
whittling bark from rotted branches,
you fashion ships and ends from driftwood.

Workman, workman,
idling in the park on Sunday,
you are musing, you are dreaming
and the world's at rest and peaceful
in a world's unrest and terror.

S. FUNAROFF.

★ ★ ★

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When she entertains she strives for the unusual, and she needs all her buying skill to procure the unusual cheaply. She was the first to use barley sticks instead of bon-bons at her teas. Her fishy sandwiches are certainly not so delicious as those of delicately-seasoned minced chicken always served at the dean's afternoons, but they have distinction of size and shape and, "Just what *is* in them, do you suppose?" She mixes her own cheap teas, knowing that if the party is gay, no one will be the wiser and if it is dull, not even choice buds and jasmine will enliven it.

Her penetrating mind is constantly on the alert for additional ways and means. When young Jane's teeth can no longer be neglected, she inveigles a struggling dentist into living in the upper regions of their home in exchange for dental services. The dancing teacher uses the family living-room for her class so that Jane may have free lessons. At lectures and club meetings she never appears without her knitting, and though she misses a little as she counts off her stitches, she feels that she is rewarded by a suit almost as nice as the one which the registrar's wife brought back from Atlantic City. Her finest abilities, her energy, and her youth become dedicated to the desperate cause of making one dollar serve where three are needed. This group of wives of the submerged faculty develop into the nation's sharpest bargainers outside of East Side clothing stores, but their talents are strictly individualistic and small-scale, their motivation an ardent desire to achieve an acceptable social pattern in order that their husbands will be retained in positions which they hope will lead eventually to the kind of life they had planned.

Naturally they do not welcome any suggestion that it may be a blind road along which they travel. They have witnessed the flow of milk and honey in the homes of too many professors whose contributions to the college and to society leave the "sands of time" undisturbed, for them to fear failure. Sons and daughters of the ranking faculty who are educated in Europe, grandchildren sent off to summer camps in Maine at a cost equal to the entire annual income of some of the struggling small fry, other sons and daughters equipped with an array of teeth bands; these and other appurtenances of the intellectual *élite* demonstrate the levels of affluence to which the marginal group may aspire. With patience, tact, and fortitude all these should be forthcoming.

Patience, tact, and fortitude will go a long way in the halls of the liberal arts as elsewhere, but these terms need elucidation when used in this connection. The following statement is the result of a thoughtful attempt at such elucidation:

If a college teacher can engage in church work or other community work approved by the administration and at the same time avoid the display of any striking ability at leadership which might arouse jealousy; if he can remain consistently agreeable, even when undernourished and overworked, and find praise for those who are responsible for his condition; if he can avoid the cheap-and-hungry look and the negative attitude induced by strain and worry; if he can steer clear of radicalism and keep sweetly liberal; if he can prevent his wife from expressing her discontent with a situation particularly sterile for any woman who does not bank on personal immortality; if he can keep his students deluded as to the worth in a world of ruthless competition of the "liberal education" to which they are being exposed and grade the athletes in accordance with their advertising value to the college, ignoring the fact that they condescend to the classroom only when the place is snowbound; if he can align himself with affluence and respectability, and refrain from offering a dissenting voice to the administration even when invited to do so; and if he runs true to his course over a suitable period of time, there is a good chance that he will find himself listed one of these days as an assistant professor at a salary of $2,700 a year with an opportunity to teach summer school when all his superiors go to Europe or contract palsy.

He is then on the road to becoming dean, a pompous fellow who encourages the starvelings in his power by telling them of the splendid discipline which the years of struggle afford. He will speak fondly of the orange-crate furniture with which he and his wife —the old lady with an anxious expression and frozen smile sitting in the gallery— started housekeeping. He will talk on after the bell has rung, offering a passionate defense of nature's plan for the survival of the fittest. When the restlessness of his audience can no longer be ignored, he will wind up, at last, with platitudes and inconsistencies relative to the College Professor and the Good Life.

Collective Isolation

John Mackey

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READERS' FORUM

Catholicism Betrayed

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I AM one of an increasing number of Catholics who look with profound alarm at the tempo with which Vatican diplomacy cements its friendship with fascism. What was previously rumor is now fact. The Vatican has officially recognized fascist Spain. It has voiced its joy at the completion of the triple fascist alliance against Communism. There is unconfirmed but reliable information that it joined hands with Vargas to effect the fascist coup in Brazil.

We must remember that in the first months of the Spanish Civil War, Catholic opinion took great pains to make clear that it was against the loyalists, but not for fascism. That contradiction eventually resolved itself in the Vatican's recognition of Franco's avowedly fascist regime. There are no glib answers to the Protestant letter on Spain. I, for one, cannot condone the Vatican's action in recognizing rebel Spain, just as I could not condone its inaction at the time of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, when its silence gave tacit approval to the slaughter of a defenseless people. The mute ruins of Guernica and the decimated bodies of our Basque Catholic brothers who fell victims to the swords of Moorish mercenaries and the bombs of Hitler's neo-paganists, belie the logic which led to such recognition.

The illogic of such recognition is all the more apparent if we look at Germany. Here, too, we went along with the Nazis because their enemy was our enemy. Hitler cleverly utilized our anti-Communist bias. The Church was lulled into a false sense of security as the Nazis concentrated on a ruthless suppression of Communists and Jews. But the Church was next. Our Catholic schools were closed, our church collections prohibited, the voices of our fathers stilled, our priesthood defiled with charges of immorality, our defenders imprisoned, the name of Catholicism smeared with the foul brush of Nazi vituperation. "We have heard from a high state official that the Church is the state's chief enemy," says Cardinal Faulhaber. "We are surprised. We had thought the Communists were National Socialism's chief enemy." (New York *Times*, July 5, 1937.)

On the surface it is surprising. For any association between fascism and Catholicism is an anomaly. The rights of man which are the heart and fabric of Catholicism are the rights which totalitarian Nazism ruthlessly denies. "Democracy," "liberty," "the free brotherhood of man," are terms which sound with mocking derision in the mouths of goose-stepping fascists. The very things we cherish are the objects of their unmitigated fury. And understandably so.

Fascism is the resort of an economically foundering body politic. To maintain itself at all, it must destroy any organism, any mechanism which questions, challenges, exposes, or opposes. Justice *is* the state. And those who would uncover and raise their voices against injustice are enemies of the state. The Church does question, it does expose, it does raise its voice against injustice. If it did not it would not be the Church. In this, it is not unlike its enemy Communism, in that it suffers the same fates. No, it is not surprising that fascism regards Catholicism as an enemy. Germany has taught us a bloody lesson.

But the Vatican has not learned that lesson. When it recognized fascist Spain, it recognized the very enemy it was forced to combat in Germany. With shameful illogic it recognized, nay condoned, the bombing of our Holy Cities by Nazi planes. I fear for those Chinese, reared in our Catholic missionary schools, who may very well be the next victims of Japanese fascist planes dispatched on their so-called "anti-Communist" mission, which the Vatican has already blessed with its acceptance of the triple fascist accord.

It is with reason that the Catholic Church is on the defensive and with reason that its apologists stutter. For the logic of supporting the fascist opponents of Communism is to be used by fascism, to be its tool and then its victims. It is suicide pure and simple.

Why does the Vatican move in that direction? Obviously because it regards Communism as its number-one enemy. So blind is its fury against Communism that it seizes upon any weapon to combat it, even though that weapon be a boomerang. As a Catholic I have always looked upon the Communist advocacy of atheism as a dangerous thing. Far more dangerous to me at this moment is the heedless, headlong drive of all-destructive fascism against Christianity, against culture, against democracy and peace. For not only has fascism worked its suppressive influence within its own states—it has taken the offensive and invaded others. The Italian invasion of Ethiopia, the Italian and German invasion of Spain, the Japanese invasion of China—every initiative toward war has been fascist inspired. However we may look at it, it is patent that fascism is the aggressor today—and before its aggression other things necessarily seem less important.

As I look at Communism today, I am less alarmed at its atheism than I was five years ago. For Communism has changed in the last five years. It is axiomatic that in the flux of madly changing world events the ideologic forces involved do not remain static. As fascism has taken the aggressive, so Communism has taken the defensive role. And so it is that Russia today is perhaps the most outspoken advocate of peace, a proponent and active supporter of democratic states under onslaught by fascism. It has been forced to adopt the tactic of the people's front, to work with broader groups. And to do this it has been forced to broaden its views, to become more tolerant in its policies toward other groups. It has been noticeably and increasingly tolerant toward the Church. I am impressed, for example, by a recent letter from a Catholic friend of mine in Madrid. "Surprisingly enough," it reads, "the Communists were the first grouping in the Negrín coalition to raise the question of the opening of the churches and the open celebration of Mass."

There is a way to combat the atheistic influence of Communism, and it is the only intelligent, effective, and truly Christian way. And that is by outdoing the Communists in the performance of good works. Some of our most enlightened spokesmen have echoed this at one time or another in the pages of the *Catholic World* and of the *Commonweal*. "The only way to fight Communism," they have said, "is to remove the causes of Communism." Red-baiting is an outmoded and ineffectual weapon, hardly consonant with the dignity of the Church. It ill behooves us to call names and hurl invective at those who, whatever their philosophy, do perform good works, do fight the oppression of man by man, do strike at injustice, and do labor unceasingly for the betterment of man's lot on earth. We must grant the good while we point out the bad.

Our attitude of late has been, I am loath to admit, almost wholly a negative one. In railing at the Communists we have forgotten the positive and constructive guide posts laid down for us in our own encyclicals. It becomes us better to pay heed to the words of Pius XI when he admonishes that "then only will the economic and social organism be soundly established and attain its end, when it secures for all and each these goods which the wealth and resources of nature, technical advancement, and the social organization of economic affairs can give. These goods should be sufficient to supply all needs and an honest livelihood, and to uplift man to the higher level of prosperity and culture which, provided it be used with prudence, is not only no hindrance but is of singular help to virtue." (Page 143 of the Four Great Encyclicals.)

Communism has grown and won over adherents precisely because it followed such precepts and labored for their attainment. To hoot down and decry their good works gets us nowhere.

It is becoming increasingly clear that fascism is embarked on a world march. It will stop only when it is stopped. It is encumbent on those of us who live in democratic states to learn the lessons of Germany, of Spain, and of China. Here in America we see the gathering forces of a fascist movement. Father Parsons, the former editor of *America*, has already pointed out in a series of articles in the *Commonweal* that we American Catholics, by our one-sided denunciations of Communism, are in danger of allying ourselves with such a movement. We must not be guilty of such a calamitous error. Germany is a living example, and it is worth repeating that to give tacit or overt support to the fascists in our zeal against Communism is to be used by fascism, to be its tool and then its victim. It is betrayal of the Church which is our trust. It is self-annihilation, suicide!

With the Catholic masses of this country lies a good deal of the answer. If they are stampeded into a blind, unseeing frenzy of hate against Communism, they may very well be swept into the camp of reaction. Their numbers may very well be the determining difference in whether or not we will have a fascist America. The clarity of Catholic opinion at this moment is paramount. We cannot afford suicide. MICHAEL O'DONNELL.

In Reply

We welcome this letter from a rank-and-file Catholic, and we are confident that it does, as he states, express the views of an increasing number of Catholics. The writer points to fascism as the real enemy of Catholicism and of all mankind, and condemns those Catholic leaders who, in their hatred of Communism, support the fascist despots and warmakers. Here it may be noted that, while the policy of the Vatican has been pro-fascist as a whole, it has in recent months shown signs of responding to the pressure of the Catholic masses, who are being persecuted by fascism. Thus the Pope, in his Christmas Eve address to the Sacred College of Cardinals, delivered a scathing attack on Nazi religious persecution. More recently the Vatican protested the bombing of the civilian population of Barcelona, though shortly thereafter the Pope sent a blessing to Franco.

Although his main thesis is admirably stated, Mr. O'Donnell seems to be under certain misapprehensions concerning Communism. For the sake of that collaboration between Catholics and Communists, which he apparently desires, these should be cleared up.

In the first place, he writes: "As a Catholic I have always looked upon the Communist advocacy of atheism as a dangerous thing." Communism gives a rational, scientific, dialectical-materialist explanation of the world, an explanation which is necessarily atheistic, but this does not mean that the Communist movement *advocates* atheism in the sense of actively engaging in atheistic propaganda. In an article written in 1909 on "The Attitude of the Workers' Party Toward Religion," Lenin rejected such an approach and cited the fact that "Engels repeatedly condemned those who, desiring to be 'more revolutionary' than Social-Democracy, tried to introduce into the program of the workers' party the explicit avowal of atheism—those who strove to 'declare war on religion.'" Engels' position on this question, Lenin pointed out, was no mere question of tactics or expediency, but an esential part of the Marxian teaching that religion will die out only when its *social roots* in the oppression of man by man have been destroyed. Moreover, wrote Lenin, "We must not only admit into the Social-Democratic Party all those workers who still retain faith in God, we

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must redouble our efforts to recruit them. *We are absolutely opposed to the slightest affront to these workers' religious convictions.*" This is the attitude which today guides the Communist Party of the United States. Among its members are not only religious people, including Catholics, but even ministers.

Second, we do not think it contributes to the advancement of the struggle against fascism to approach this problem from the standpoint of the most effective way of combating Communism. Communists certainly would welcome fraternal competition from Catholics "in the performance of good works," but such competition cannot be constructive if it is carried on in the spirit of one group seeking to undermine the other. On the contrary, the aim must be the strengthening of the common front against fascism. Unfortunately, too many of those Catholic authorities who say, "The only way to fight Communism is to remove the causes of Communism," have found it possible to reconcile this statement with support of Franco.

These strictures do not, however, affect the soundness of the chief point of Mr. O'Donnell's letter. His warning to his fellow-Catholics against Red-baiting and his plea for a friendlier attitude toward Communists is especially timely in the United States where the prevalence of anti-Catholic prejudice and discrimination inspired by reactionary sources makes it all the more urgent for Catholics to collaborate with all democratic-minded people, including Communists.—THE EDITORS.

"America's Guilt in Spain"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

YOUR editorial, "America's Guilt in Spain," so clearly defined the issues that I wish it could be made available to the 75 percent of Americans, with any ideas on the Spanish War, who favor the loyalists, as the Gallup Poll discovered. If they could read your analysis and your program, I believe the embargo would be lifted, the Neutrality Act repealed, and a hopeful peace policy initiated. Then America would need only to feel ashamed of its past but not of its present.

New York City. LEANE ZUGSMITH.

Wilson Cites an "Authority"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

IN the April 6, 1938, issue of the *New Republic,* Mr. Edmund Wilson has discussed recent books about the Soviet Union in an article entitled "Shut Up That Russian Novel." Mr. Wilson is a deeply learned man, and his comments upon a recent book, *Un Mineur Français Chez les Russes,* disturb me a very great deal.

Mr. Wilson says that this book seems to him to be "one of the most enlightening pieces of evidence on recent conditions in Russia." The book, says Mr. Wilson, was written by a French trade-unionist, Kléber Legay, who, as a militant leader, visited the Soviet Union in the autumn of 1936. If Legay's observations, as quoted by Mr. Wilson, are fair and accurate ones, then all friends of the Soviet Union should be worried and saddened.

Legay alleges that, after being promised full freedom of travel wherever he pleased and freedom to talk with Russian miners, this was denied him after he arrived in the U.S.S.R., that he was conducted upon what was worse than a Cook's Tour of that great land. Yet, according to Wilson's account of Legay's book, the French observer did manage to get a peep at certain conditions, which were allegedly deplorable. He reports women working deep underground in mines—a condition forbidden "in all other, including the fascist, countries." He tells of an exceedingly low standard of living, of families receiving more money "but [living] worse than before the Revolution." He tells of forced labor guarded by armed men.

So far as I know, Legay's book has not been translated into English. But I am perfectly certain that, in a very short while, my Red-baiting acquaintances, knowing me to be a friend of the Soviet Union, will be sneeringly quoting Wilson's summary of Legay's book in an effort to discredit the great social experiment. Now when such stories appear in a Hearst paper, or under the names of Trotskyites, friends of the Soviet Union can afford to laugh them off. But when they are quoted by a learned man from a book in a foreign language they are harder to answer and carry a wallop that is pretty formidable.

The undersigned appeals to you, then, to find out if you do not already know, about this disillusioned Monsieur Legay. Is he an active member of the French People's Front? Are his stories well-documented? Or is he only another Fred Beal or another Eugene Lyons?

A dossier on this Monsieur Legay would be valuable to all friends of the Soviet Union who want to know the truth about the experiment upon which all friends of human progress pin so much hope.

Holland, Mich. PAUL DE KRUIF.

Facts on Wilson's "Authority"

[Mr. de Kruif's inquiry was referred to Theodore Draper, foreign editor of NEW MASSES, who is now in Paris. He has sent us the following reply —The Editors.]

TO THE NEW MASSES:

IN the fall of 1936, the then militant French trade-unionist, Kléber Legay, visited the U.S.S.R. as one of a delegation invited by the Soviet trade unions. On his return to France, Legay wrote a series of articles for *Le Populaire,* (Socialist) in which he stated:

"We workers do not have the right to make comparisons between the condition of the Russian worker today and that of the French worker at the present time, but we must compare the condition of the Russian worker now with that existing under the czars, which latter are so dear to the Right press. . . .

"Considering the progress which they [the Russian workers] have made during the twenty years since the Revolution, it can be stated that we [the French workers] will remain far behind them if we keep the present regime. . . ."

These articles in *Le Populaire* were written several days after Legay's return from the Soviet Union while his memories were still fresh. But the favorable attitude soon changed. For Legay belonged to a union in which the Communists opposed certain measures sponsored by Legay—to maintain control of the union, Legay felt it necessary to ally himself with right-wing elements. In order to bolster his anti-Communist position in his trade union (and not on the basis of his experiences in the U.S.S.R.), Legay began to attack the Soviet Union.

Soon after, Legay became editor of a journal put out by a group under the leadership of M. Falasse, lieutenant of the fascist Doriot. His development from then on was logical enough. His book attacking the Soviet Union was greeted joyfully by the fascist press, and sold, for example, at Valenciennes by the local section of the French Social Party (the new name of de la Rocque's Croix de Feu).

Legay's book is the type of attack on the Soviet Union familiar to readers of Eugene Lyons, Isaac Don Levine, and Fred Beal. Legay suppresses figures of rising miners' wages, but makes all sorts of allegations which are supposed to be devastating. A French analysis of Legay's book deals in detail with the misrepresentations of Legay. Suffice it to point out here that a British delegation composed entirely of members of the Labor Party who visited the same mines at the same time as Legay published conclusions diametrically opposed to Legay's slanders—and without knowing of Legay's book. Even more important, a statement made by five French miners (including Legay) immediately after their return from the Soviet Union, was extremely favorable to the U.S.S.R.

And so, upon investigation, Legay proves to be neither a People's Front man nor an anti-fascist. Rather his book is the usual slander of the Right against the Soviet Union, disproved by his own former statements, based on wholecloth for the purpose of destroying the militant leadership in his own union and splitting the working class as a whole. Kléber Legay proves to be only a French version of our own Eugene Lyons and Fred Beal.

Paris. THEODORE DRAPER.

Nazi Exchange Students

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A DEVICE more subtle than the local Bunds is being used to spread Nazi propaganda in this country. German students, sent here on an exchange basis, are abusing the hospitality of American universities by using them as centers from which to disseminate Hitler's ideology. I cite, in proof of this, an experience with a German exchange student in my own institution.

German exchange students insist with a frankness and a disregard for truth, which only diligent pupils of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels can possess, that they have nothing to do with propaganda. They forget to explain that all German exchange students in this country are chosen because they are the most ardent Nazis and the most able propagandists of the thousands of students at home.

I finally learned the truth about German exchange students. One day I asked my Nazi friend, Miss Elizabeth Noelle, "Why don't you make some propaganda for the Nazis over here; won't that make a good impression home in Germany?" "Ach, no," she answered, "we are supposed to do that anyway."

Miss Noelle is very proud that she was invited to a tea party all alone with Hitler before she went over to perform her patriotic task in America. She often tells about the winning personality of the Austrian paper-hanger. Most of the exchange students had a chance to see *Der Schöne* Adolf in privacy before they went across the ocean, she said.

Having attended a special exchange-student camp in Berlin, the chosen patriots are let loose upon America. Whether or not they themselves believe what they tell American students about the wonderful work of Hitler in Germany—about his love of peace, and about the bad features of democracy—it is difficult to say.

Here are quoted examples of Miss Noelle's work: "American journalists (except the few who write nicely—that is, the truth—about Germany) are propagandists, hired by Jews. They never relate the truth. They make up stories about Germany."

"Germany arms less than any other European power." This is another statement from Miss Noelle. She insists Hitler spends almost all Germany's money for rehabilitation. If people dare deny that Germany spends very little money for armaments, Miss Noelle says: "Just look at the armament figures in the New York *Times.* They prove that Germany spends almost no money on armaments."

"The idea of internationalism is childish and impossible," Miss Noelle says, parroting Hitler's words in his book, *Mein Kampf.* She wonders how anybody can believe in internationalism. She passed that juvenile stage long ago, she says. After all, how can one dream of equality between Germans—born to rule—and such scrap as Chinese, Americans, and Frenchmen?

"Don't be feminine," Miss Noelle told me once when I talked about the sufferings of Spanish and Chinese civilians. She explained that war is a necessity. And blood—even innocent blood—has to flow in a war. That is only natural, she said. One must recognize that stronger nations will strike if the weaker will not bend their necks.

Yes, Miss Noelle does not care about sufferings. Her fatherland is everything to her, she explains. She is happy that Germany is strong again. She knows that one must be ready to die when Hitler lifts his hand. She is ready; all Germany is ready.

Columbia, Mo. K. J. ESKELUND.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Additional Light on Trotsky and Bukharin

NEW ECONOMIC POLICY AND SOCIALIST CONSTRUCTION, *by V. I. Lenin. Vol. IX of Selected Works. International Publishers.* $2.

IN HIS *History of the Russian Revolution,* Leon Trotsky endeavors to undermine Joseph Stalin's great popularity with the revolutionary masses by constantly harping on the latter's "practical" rather than "theoretical" cast of mind: Stalin was "a little known *practical* leader"; Stalin was "inclined to defend the *practical* conclusions of Communism"; Stalin, "the *empiric,* was open to alien influences not on the side of will but on the side of intellect"; Stalin was "an organizer without intellectual horizon"; etc., etc.

While suppressing Stalin's major contribution to Bolshevik theory on the highly intricate question of nationalities (at a time—1912—when Trotsky was not even dreaming of Bolshevik Party membership), Trotsky, as regards his own qualifications for leadership, strives to convey the impression that he had always been the perfect synthesis of sound Marxian theory and impeccable revolutionary practice, placing, of course, his main accent on theory, intellect, and originality.

The contrast between Trotsky's estimate of his own theoretical and intellectual attainments and Lenin's estimate of them is both striking and amusing. In the very first pages of the volume under review, we read:

> My principal material is Comrade Trotsky's pamphlet, *The Role and Tasks of the Trade Unions.* . . . In reading it very carefully, I am astonished at the number of theoretical errors and crying inexactitudes that are concentrated in it. . . . I shall briefly indicate the main points which, in my opinion, contain fundamental theoretical errors. . . . In *The Role and Tasks of the Trade Unions,* Comrade Trotsky, I am convinced, committed a number of errors that are connected with the very essence of the question of the dictatorship of the proletariat. . . .

The above criticisms of Trotsky's "fundamental theoretical errors" from Lenin's famous speech entitled "The Trade Unions, the Present Situation, and the Mistakes of Comrade Trotsky," were made on December 30, 1920—that is, at a time when, according to many uninformed people, Trotsky's position in the Communist Party almost rivaled that of Lenin.

Significantly, throughout this speech, Lenin's main point of attack on Trotsky is the latter's addiction to theoretical wrangling and his interference with "practical businesslike work." He accuses Trotsky of "inventing arguments about principles, differences in principle," of shunting the party away from "living work" to "lifeless scholastics," to "general party talk," to "empty and vapid word-spinning." He complains: "Trotsky is dragging the party and Soviet government backward by raising the question of principle now. Thank God, we have passed from principles to practical, businesslike work. We chattered enough about principles in the Smolny, and no doubt more than enough. . . . One would have thought that we had grown up since then. It is time to drop inventing and exaggerating disagreements on principle and start on practical work. . . ."

What a wonderful key to Trotsky's personality, his role in the Revolution, and his attitude toward that "practical leader" who was "inclined to defend the practical conclusions of Communism!" The more one studies this speech and the two articles that follow it ("The Party Crisis" and "Trade Unions and the Mistakes of Trotsky and Bukharin"), the more uncannily revealing and prophetic they seem, especially in the light of the Moscow trials.

I will digress here for a moment in order to clear up a point, fundamental to an understanding of the nature of this review, which was raised editorially by the *New Republic* (issue of May 4). According to that estimable journal, the "official Communist thesis" concerning the Moscow trials is "that *all* the culprits were traitors or spies from the earliest days of the Revolution." Where the *New Republic* unearthed this "official" thesis is a mystery. According to the published indictments which, I presume, are "official" enough, neither Rykov, nor Yagoda, nor Sokolnikov, nor Radek, nor Muralov, nor Reingold, nor Ter-Vaganian, nor, for that matter, Zinoviev and Kamenev and several others were ever accused of having been spies and traitors since the earliest days of the Revolution. Nobody ever claimed that *all* of the accused at the Moscow trials had *always* been traitors and spies. What Communists do maintain, however, is that, given a certain political and psychological instability, most of the accused were impelled by the logic of struggle in a revolutionary period to advance, gradually, step by step, from disagreement to opposition, to factionalism, to obstructionism, to underground plotting, to counter-revolution, to treason, to spying, to wrecking, to murder. Since, however, only a relatively few of those who had at one time or another been in disagreement with this or that party policy have turned spies and traitors, it becomes necessary, if we are to understand the individuals involved, to study their political biographies and psychological constitutions. Any psychiatrist would subscribe to such a technique. If a man is normal and behaves normally, nobody bothers to study his antecedents. But if the man has committed a crime or is obsessed by complexes, then his previous behavior is quite naturally subjected to scrutiny. Not only his behavior, but his past ideas, emotions, and even his subconscious. The past is brought up in order to obtain additional light on the perplexing present. It is in this spirit, and this spirit alone, that Communists delve into the biographies and political histories of the renegades. The Communists themselves seek to understand the tortuous paths people traverse in the process of political degeneration; they want to be convincing when they try to explain these things to others. And it is in this spirit, too, that this review is being written.

Surely, it is not without diagnostic significance to learn, on Lenin's competent testimony, that as far back as 1918 and 1920 (two crucial points in the unfolding of the Revolution) the behavior of both Trotsky and Bukharin showed distinct signs of obstructionism, factionalism, addiction to endless "theoretical" squabbles, and a tangible contempt for the practical tasks confronting the party. Read a few of Lenin's scathing remarks:

> A commission is set up, the names of the members are published. Trotsky resigns from the commission, disrupts it, refuses to work. Why? Only one reason is given: Lütovinov sometimes plays at opposition. [Isn't this rich—Trotsky refusing to work with someone occasionally indulging in opposition!—J. K.] . . . And this step *alone* causes Comrade Trotsky's original mistake to become magnified and later to lead to factionalism.

> How could Bukharin go so far as to drop into this rupture with Communism? We know how soft Bukharin is. . . . We know that more than once he was called in jest "soft wax." It turns out that any "unprincipled" person, any "demagogue" can make any impression he likes on this soft wax. . . .

> We know perfectly well that every man has his little weaknesses, and even big men, including Bukharin, have their little weaknesses. If there is a catchword with a twist to it flying around he cannot refrain from being for it. At the plenum of the Central Committee on December 7, he wrote a resolution on industrial democracy with almost voluptuous passion. And the more I think about this "industrial democracy," the more clearly I see the theoretical fallacy of it, the lack of thought behind it; it is a hodge-podge and nothing else. And taking this as an example, we must, once again, at least at a party meeting, say: "Fewer verbal twists, Comrade N. I. Bukharin—it will be more beneficial for you, for theory, and for the republic."

> The political errors committed by Comrade Trotsky, and aggravated, made more profound by Comrade Bukharin, *distract* our party from economic problems, from production work, and unfortunately *compel us to waste time* on rectifying these errors, on arguing against the Syndicalist deviation (which leads to the fall of the dictatorship of the proletariat), on arguing against a wrong approach to the trade-union movement (an approach which leads to the downfall of the Soviet government), on arguing about general "theses," instead of engaging in businesslike, practical "economic" argument. . . .

> Thus, from the point of view of principle, of theory, and of practice, all we can say about Trotsky's theses and Bukharin's position is—Relieve me of this affliction!

I repeat, the struggle which Trotsky and

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Bukharin and Serebriakov and Krestinsky had been waging against Lenin and the Central Committee of the Party in 1920 (their Syndicalist deviations, their obstructionism, their factionalism) would not have had such symptomatic significance had it been an isolated episode in the relationship of these people to the party. History, however, shows quite the opposite. Indeed, the same individuals and most of the others involved in the trials had manifested similar tendencies during every other crucial period of the Revolution, both before and after the Bolshevik seizure of power. As time went on, and especially with the death of Lenin, whose prestige was enough to whip them into line even against their own will (consistent opposition to Lenin would, because of his colossal personal influence, have inevitably entailed expulsion from the party and the retirement from the bandwagon of the victorious proletariat), and with the terrific strains and stresses generated by rapid industrialization, collectivization, and the rise of fascism in the neighboring countries, they got more and more deeply involved until th found themselves in the camp of counter-revolution.

Lenin clearly foresaw whither these people were tending. He warned them, in words that should be ineradicably limned on the walls of every Communist Party headquarters:

> Everyone knows that big disagreements sometimes grow out of very small, at first even insignificant, differences. Everyone knows that an insignificant bruise, or even a scratch, which everyone has had scores of times in the course of his life, may develop into a very dangerous and sometimes even fatal disease *if* it begins to fester, *if* blood poisoning sets in. This is what happens in all, even purely personal, conflicts. This is what also happens in politics. Every difference, even an insignificant one, may become politically dangerous if it is likely to grow into a split, the kind of split which is capable of shaking and destroying the whole political edifice. Clearly, in a country which is experiencing the dictatorship of the proletariat, a split in the ranks of the proletariat, between the proletarian party and the masses of the proletariat, is not only dangerous, but extremely dangerous, particularly if in that country the proletariat constitutes a small minority of the population. . . .

Had Trotsky and Bukharin and their followers and dupes heeded the warning, they would not have been where they are now, and it would have been infinitely better for themselves, for Marxian theory, and for the workers and peasants of the U.S.S.R.

And needless to say, the *New Republic's* assertion that a part of the "official Communist thesis" is "that no true friend of the Russian people need have any regrets concerning what has happened" is, to express it mildly, absurd. Of course, it is regrettable, sad, tragic. Once, however, the thing did happen, once these former leaders, by failing to heed Lenin's warning and the experience of other revolutions, degenerated into traitors and counter-revolutionists, it is fortunate that they were apprehended before the damage they did could become irreparable. And it is only in this sense, and not in the vulgar sense ascribed to them by the *New Republic,* that the Communists feel "that the trials and executions strengthened the Soviet Union." Undeniably, a country is stronger both internally and externally *after* it eliminates spies and traitors and exposes their plots and machinations than before.

I had intended to write a review, but, as it turns out, I have written a polemic. To make up for it, let me inform the reader that the volume I was about to review contains selections from Lenin's speeches, reports, pamphlets, notes, and letters written during the Soviet Union's transition from the drastic economic policies that characterized the period of foreign intervention and civil war (War Communism) to the broader and more conciliatory policies dictated by the exigencies of peace and reconstruction of an utterly ruined and starving land (N.E.P.). It was a period that tried men's souls and that proved a little too much for the romantic and unstable participants in the Revolution. Lest there be misunderstanding, I should point out that the material is arranged chronologically and in natural sequence with the Lenin materials published in the eight preceding volumes. There are three more volumes to come.

I urge readers to buy and study this volume not only for the precious historical matter it contains, or the picture it gives of the Soviet Union during those trying years and of the inner workings of the Bolshevik Party, but also, and I should say primarily, for the marvelous opportunity it provides for spending a few thrilling and supremely instructive hours with one of the greatest revolutionary minds and spirits in history.

Lenin was quite ill at that time, but how indefatigably he labored and fought and argued to consolidate and preserve the gains of the Revolution against perennial opposition and disruption from within and against slander and plotting from without. And yet there were times when even his strength and patience would almost crack. The following words addressed to Trotsky, Bukharin, and the other factionalists give us an unforgettably human picture of Lenin:

> On the commission, and only on the commission, we would have had a businesslike discussion and would have made progress; but now we are going back, and we shall be going back for several weeks, to abstract theoretical propositions instead of taking a businesslike approach to the problem. As far as I am concerned, I am bored to death with it; it would give me the greatest pleasure to get away from it, quite apart from my illness; I would like to go anywhere to escape it. . . .

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

Snow

"I know—some say the Jew is also a human being."—GOEBBELS.

Portrait of Futility

CONCERT PITCH, *by Elliot Paul. Random House.* $2.50.

IT is not quite fair to emphasize, as a number of critics have done, Elliot Paul's debt to Henry James. The debt is there, of course, in the careful design of the successive chapters in *Concert Pitch,* in the use of Hallowell's consciousness to afford insight into what happens to the other characters. But Mr. Paul does not willfully withhold information, and delay the progress of his story by speculating upon the meaning of some isolated remark. On the contrary, his narration proceeds with the ease of the *raconteur* at a café table. And if *Concert Pitch* appeals only to a limited audience, it will not be on account of any laboriousness of method, but because of the esoteric nature of the story. It is a novel of the lost

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generation, upon which we have turned our backs with disdain for its futility.

At the same time *Concert Pitch* cannot fail to sharpen our realization that groping in a blind alley is an uncomfortable and involved activity, worthy of the attention of the psychologist and the psychological novel. The sociologically minded can gain from Paul's book a knowledge of the unresolved contradictions of attitude in an elder generation, the contamination from which they may have fortunately escaped. They can profit from the clarification (of immense benefit to this novel's coherence as a work of art) that futility is no isolated eccentricity, but shows itself in whatever a man does. Paul's characters are as unsuccessful in their art as in their love affairs.

Love comes uppermost in *Concert Pitch*, and has a novelty all its own to show how the frustrated personality works. For Hallowell falls in love with the widowed mother of a young pianist, Robert Maura. But instead of the direct attack, he prefers an encircling movement that only reveals his unconscious fear of success. He erects a wall of jealousy between himself and the woman he has married. He morbidly resurrects evidence of her first husband's brutality. He reproaches her for her continued interest in her son, and finally uses this attachment as an excuse for asking her to leave him. Meanwhile he has prompted a similar confusion in the son's life under the same disguise of an interest in his welfare. To cause him to break with his mother, he promotes his friendship with a critic, whose musical taste he despises and whose morals he suspects are doubtful. When the son rejects the critics's advances, and in desperation has an affair with Hallowell's concierge, Hallowell petulantly complains that the young man's conduct is disgusting and unfair to the woman whose cooking he can no longer enjoy, and breaks his friendship. His avowed attempt to improve human relationships has only made them worse, and left him isolated on the café terrace where he was sitting when the novel opened.

Hallowell's futility as a critic of music takes a parallel course. He has opposed the conservatism of Piot, who, to the delight of the aristocracy, still praises the music of the romantic period. But he nevertheless finds himself intrigued by Piot's reputation, and actually sets about interesting him in the new music. In fact he gets Piot to listen with pathetic open-mindedness while the musician he loves plays in a concert of strange instruments, including an airplane propellor that blows off the hats of the audience. But Hallowell himself hovers between interest and ridicule for this music which attempts to stylize an industrial culture. He arranges financial support for a young experimenter, but he prefers to put his energy into trying to convert Robert, though Robert is the less likely prospect, and carries away from the experience nothing more than the shock of realizing his own lack of talent. As for Hallowell himself, he takes refuge in the harpsichord after condemning the piano as decadently romantic. In the concerns of art as in those of love, he is left stranded. He abhors the romantic; he is unable to give the support that counts to the new; he feels safe only in the academic pursuit of the forgotten.

These themes in *Concert Pitch* are of unquestionable importance for those who would understand Axel's castle. But Mr. Paul has not quite successfully isolated their values, because he has given Hallowell too much the flavor of being himself. There is a kind of detachment in Hallowell's relationship to other persons. If Mr. Paul had held similarly aloof from his hero, the latent cynicism of the theme would have emerged in greater clarity, untarnished by the pity Hallowell feels for himself. But it is a carping criticism that regrets the novel is not as good as a Proust would have written. It remains one of the distinguished novels of the year.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Five Stories

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN, *novellas by Eric Knight; Helen Hull, Albert Maltz, Rachel Maddux, I. J. Kapstein. Harper & Bros.* $2.50.

FOR more than a year the editors of *Story* have been featuring what they elegantly call a novella in each issue of their monthly magazine. The novella is defined by the Burnetts in an erudite three-page note at the back of this book, in which they insist that novellas aren't novelettes, because that word sounds like dinette and farmerette, and how can you like such syntheticisms? But despite this fussing, we can recognize the form of fiction as one used by many writers, from Mann's *Death in Venice* and Wharton's *Ethan Frome* to the current pieces by Steinbeck, O'Hara, Cain, Bezzerides, and others. What counts isn't so much the name or the number of words, but what the writer has to say.

As a collection, these five stories don't say very much. The novelettes may be roughly classified as a fantasy, a slick treatment of the marital relation, an American version of *The Lower Depths*, a precocious bit of hokum, and a nostalgic portrait of the artist as a kid with growing pains. Plenty of variety in subject matter, well calculated to suit the wide middle-class Book-of-the-Month-Club subscription list. But the selections certainly don't represent the best of even *Story's* published novelettes, as the ads claim. Where are Ralph Bates and Richard Wright, who appeared in *Story* within the year? Together with Knight and Maltz, these would have made a much more considerable volume.

In the title-piece, "The Flying Yorkshire-

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man," Eric Knight tells the amazing story of Sammywell Small and his wife Mully, a solid Yorkshire working-class couple, easing it in America for a while on the cushion of Sam's income from his invention. Suddenly, following a revival meeting, Sam discovers he can fly if he wills it, and there follows a mad period of joy for the man who has had his feet deep in the earth all his life. Sam flies his way through a series of hilarious adventures, and grounds himself at last in his native Yorkshire. It is a stout tale, sharpened by satire, marred only by the intrusion of a few pages of mystic verbiage.

Three of the other novelettes aren't worth the reprinting. Helen Hull's "Snow in Summer" belongs in *Cosmopolitan* or some place like that. There's no feeling in it, it's artificial, schematized, showing skill without depth. "The Song the Summer Evening Sings" is I. J. Kapstein's backward look into his own childhood. The inevitable phrase "sensitive and tender" pops up, but it does belong here. For one of his first jobs, the story is good. Its faults are its frequent teariness and the fact that the same thing has been done often and better before. The poorest one of the lot is Rachel Maddux's "Turnip Blood," her first published work. It's so cute and confusing and adds up to nothing. Miss Maddux's autobiographical statement in the end pages indicates that her life is probably full of whimsy.

It is almost embarrassing to have to say that the best thing in the book is Albert Maltz's "Season of Celebration." First, because you belittle most of the other novelettes, and secondly, because Maltz's politics are openly left and this leaves you exposed to the charge of prejudging the writers on their political merits. But granting that all these writers possess at least a minimum of technical competence, it is almost inevitable that the one most keenly aware of the larger problems of our time, and best equipped to make sense out of them, will give us the story that moves us most, that means most to us as human beings. Maltz is that writer, and this is the story. It is a harsh study of down-and-outs in a flophouse, "the working stiffs out on their uppers; the bums, the boozers, the guys who had given up; and the fish in between: the men on the skids with their guts dryin' up." Maltz's schooling in the theater is plain in his stories. The dialogue

Jack Kabat

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is right, and the action drives ahead to the climactic point. "Season of Celebration" gives you a jolt you don't forget. More of this stuff between the Burnett book and magazine covers would be quite a break for the common reader. MILTON MELTZER.

They Sing Democracy

DOCUMENTS AND DAINTIES, *by Albert Clements. Mimeograph Press, Hudson, N. Y.* $1.
STEEL, *1937, by W. Lowenfels. Unity Publishers, Atlantic City.* 35c.
A NEW SONG, *by Langston Hughes. International Workers' Order.* 15c.
LET THEM EAT CAKE! *by Joe Hoffman. B. C. Hagglund, Holt, Minnesota.* 25c.
SING DEMOCRACY. *Young Labor Poets.* 10c.

THE poet's problem today of getting a book published, reaching a greater audience, and finding ways of distributing to that audience, is illustrated by these five collections. Two are in mimeograph, all simply bound with paper covers, all but one less than fifty cents. One is sponsored by a workers' order, another by a poetry organization, and another is the first venture of a neighborhood publishing group.

These ventures are encouraging. But it is a sharp commentary upon the state of "commercial" poetry publishing that work of such distinguished merit as Albert Clements' must make a mimeographed, paper-cover appearance. Technical originality, not merely experimental, but tested and mastered, is at once evident. What is more important, there is intelligent thought concerning the dilemmas, dangers, and possibilities that face us, illuminated by striking symbols and given depth and perspective by the use of historical references. The title poem illustrates this; certain stanzas show further the poet's adroit satirical touch:

Yesterday the king on his horse, the bow set,
The bugles throwing tunes about like silver.
At a glance serfdom success, the hunt sweet,
The state a gift to the greedy.
No minister of peace to interfere or matter.
Death to the poor and needy.

There are contemporary influences in these peoms, most notably that of Hart Crane. As in Crane, Clements' symbolism sometimes comprises too many dimensions, trips over its own out-of-bounds associations. But on the whole his work is sufficiently objective, sharply focused, fresh in viewpoint, and worth considerably more than passing notice.

While the title poem in the Lowenfels book has immediate reference to the Little Steel strike of 1937, other poems deal in a broader sense with climactic events in the struggles of the people and their leaders against oppression, fascism, war—all symbolized by the word steel. These sacrifices to steel inte-

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grate poems on the Memorial Day massacre in South Chicago, the fascist bombardment of Almeria, the death of Rosa Luxemburg, the freeing of Angelo Herndon. Lowenfels builds his poems by piling up a succession of images and allusions. The motivation is emotional rather than logical, the method implying that the reader is already familiar with the facts behind the poems. The verse itself is lively and impassioned, but it would gain clarity and impact if a narrative pattern were more closely followed, a time-sequence more carefully observed.

The career and work of Langston Hughes is so well known to NEW MASSES readers that this selection of his songs and ballads needs little comment. As Mike Gold points out in his introduction, the booklet is sponsored by the International Workers' Order, and issued in an edition of 10,000. With a membership of 140,000, the I.W.O. is a great people's audience for poetry; and the workers can afford to buy a book priced at fifteen cents. Langston Hughes knows the value of the ballad and chant as forms for verse that workers will like and remember. "Song of Spain" is perhaps the most interesting piece in this group; but the "Chant for May Day," "Chant for Tom Mooney," and "Ballad of Ozie Powell" should prove specifically useful for group programs.

Like those of Langston Hughes, Joe Hoffman's poems are simple, direct lines of a worker-poet to workers. The title poem, written on the occasion of the unemployed demonstration at the St. Louis City Hall in May 1936, smacks a challenge grown out of hunger and tragedy straight at the mayor and his let-them-eat-cake attitude. Hoffman's work may lack the technical assurance of Hughes', but it is vigorous and eloquent. He writes of sharecroppers and sitdown strikes; he is successful also with that most difficult of all themes for the social poet: personal love. And his elegiac "O World, When You Shall Weep" is one of the most beautifully sustained lyric laments that I have recently seen.

Sing Democracy is a mimeographed collection in magazine form of work by the Young Labor Poets, a national organization. An editorial states their belief that "it is time that poetry got away from the language of cliques, and expressed the emotions, conflicts, and movements of our time in comprehensible terms." It is doubtful that one or two of the poems printed here "can be understood by more than 95 percent of the people of America." Most of them, however, do follow a comprehensible pattern and stick to their social purpose. Deserving special mention are Fred Herbst's "Losin' Religion"; Helen Ungar's excellent satire, "War is a Magnificent Sport"; and Bill Levenson's skit, to the tune of "Have you got any castles that you want me to build, baby," on Chicago's Mayor Kelly to Tom Girdler—and back again. The magazine also contains an announcement of a twelve-week lecture course in poetry that the organization is giving.

RUTH LECHLITNER.

Aimé

A Whitewash for Benedict Arnold

RENOWN, *by Frank O. Hough. Carrick & Evans.* $2.50.

IT was virtually impossible for Benedict Arnold to have been a traitor. Arnold was "the sword-arm of the Revolution," one of its earliest heroes. He wore gold epaulettes, presented to him by George Washington, and possessed a congressional medal for military brilliance and valor. At the time his treachery was discovered, he was in command of West Point, a post of tremendous strategic importance. Washington, only a few months before, had urged him to head the Continental Cavalry. How could the Commander-in-Chief's "most valued general" have come to commit treason?

Frank Hough's answer, in the form of a novel, is an attempt to mitigate and rationalize Arnold's crime. Actually, the motives and words he attributes to his hero are nearly as damning as the deed. They show that Arnold was an arrogant individualist, who regarded the masses behind the Revolution as "the people for whose liberty I fought," the Revolution itself as a contest between George III and the Continental Congress, and the soldiers as "poor deluded wretches." So small was his understanding of the people and forces in the struggle that, after his treachery, he was astonished at the failure of his efforts to recruit Americans into the enemy ranks. Where were all the "disaffected elements" that would stampede to follow the mighty general? They were burning him in effigy, terrifying his genteel Tory wife by their demonstrations, arresting spies and traitor-suspects in a vigorous clean-up. Anger and shock proved a spur to the cause of independence; and the French alliance was not even threatened.

Hough admits Arnold's subjectively shallow vision; indeed, he rests his defense on it. His general is a "proud, sensitive man" who craved renown, deserved renown, and received instead only injustice and humiliation from "pettifogging tyrants" of the Continental

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Congress. They even dared to court-martial him on charges of peculation and abuse of authority (when he was military governor of Philadelphia). Washington let him off with a reprimand, but Arnold, having convinced himself that the tyranny of the throne was preferable to that of "sanctimonious poltroons," had, some months before, established communications with the enemy. Less than a year later, the proud, sensitive man was demanding twenty thousand pounds of the British for his proposed surrender of West Point. (Consider, incidentally, the pride and sensitivity of a general who flees to an enemy ship and then requests his former Commander-in-Chief to send his clothes and baggage after him.) Arnold, however, was ever "conscious of the rectitude of his own heart." Not until the Revolution had triumphed, the new nation had been established, and the Tories in England were deposed, did he admit the poverty of his faith and judgment.

Valley Forge, the Patriots' Party, Committees of Correspondence, all the sweep and depth of revolutionary activity are, in this book, entirely obscured by the bleak glitter of military titles, individual heroics, intrigue in high places, iridescent names, battles. Viewed in such a light, Arnold's story seems less shocking. Yet Englishmen an ocean removed from the revolutionary scene despised him almost as much as his countrymen did. In those days, not even uncertain liberals felt that gold epaulettes, ambition, or political disagreement excused a general for planning to use the enemy's guns against his own soldiers.

BARBARA GILES.

Brief Reviews

THE RIVER, *by Pare Lorentz. Stackpole Sons.* $2.00.

Pare Lorentz's magnificent motion picture, produced for the Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture, has already been reviewed in NEW MASSES (Jan. 18, 1938). This thin little book is made up of pictures, mostly from the film, together with Lorentz's commentary. The pictures are not always wisely selected, and they are for the most part very poorly reproduced. For some reason, presumably technical, they lack all the sharpness they have in the movie, and the general effect of muzziness weakens the book. If one compares these illustrations with the reproductions of Margaret Bourke-White's photographs in the Modern Age edition of *You Have Seen Their Faces,* one realizes the vast distance between good work and bad. On the other hand, Pare Lorentz's commentary becomes all the more impressive when one has an opportunity to read it at leisure. It is, of course, as everyone has said, reminiscent of Whitman, and only Whitman and Sandburg have used American place-names with such effectiveness. It is also a remarkable example of the way in which literary intensity may serve a diadactic purpose without losing any of its dignity and originality.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE IDAHO ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Federal Writers' Project. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.* $5.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Goldwyn's Hairshirt

SAM GOLDWYN, the *Saturday Evening Post* tells us, is a genius of bizarre, if ungrammatical, charm; he is a Henry Ford crossed with Roscoe Ates. His moods may change as abruptly as the California weather at sundown, but he has never figured in the legends as much of a deep thinker. His admirers were shocked the other day by the ugly revelation that Sam has been thinking: worse yet, he has become the Purple Pimpernel of the movie revolution, full of shouts and alarums.

When the ship reporters faced Sam on the *Queen Mary* last week, they saw this new Goldwyn. He had just returned from Europe, and he gave them such a bodeful tale that one scribe thought he was interviewing an English novelist. "The public is on strike against inferior pictures," was Sam's first bombshell. "It is no longer safe for a person to go to a moving-picture theater. There are too many inferior people in the movie business, and they are getting too much money," he said.

"It used to be that the public was afraid to go to a movie for fear the B picture would be bad. Now, it's both A and B pictures," said the producer of (A) *The Goldwyn Follies* and (B) *Marco Polo*. "From what I have seen in England, I am definitely convinced that producers there and in France are becoming a serious threat to American producers. Some pictures in this country start out to cost $100,000, and end up costing a million dollars because of poor preparations.

"It is not because of the cost of electricians' salaries and the other working people on the lot. It is the cost of the writer, the actor, and the director. There has got to be a reformation," he went on. "There are writers drawing big pay in Hollywood who ought to be back in New York writing letters. Eventually they are going to eliminate themselves. If they don't we are going to lose our business to foreign producers."

Sad Sam is not the first to see the handwriting on the wall; others have been aware of the growing importance on the American market of French, English, and Russian films. When the European film first had box-office success in America, the palliative was simple enough: Hollywood bought the stars and directors and nobody heard of them afterward. Sam's reaction is sharper and more meaningful: he has seen how inexpensively pictures are made in Europe. Distinguished movies like *Un Carnet de Bal* are made at one-tenth of the cost of a *Goldwyn Follies;* the young Soviet director Romm makes a great film like *Lenin in October* in fourteen weeks! Alexander Korda, a few weeks ago, had five pictures playing simultaneously on Broadway; the British film industry has developed a product which is getting acceptance in America.

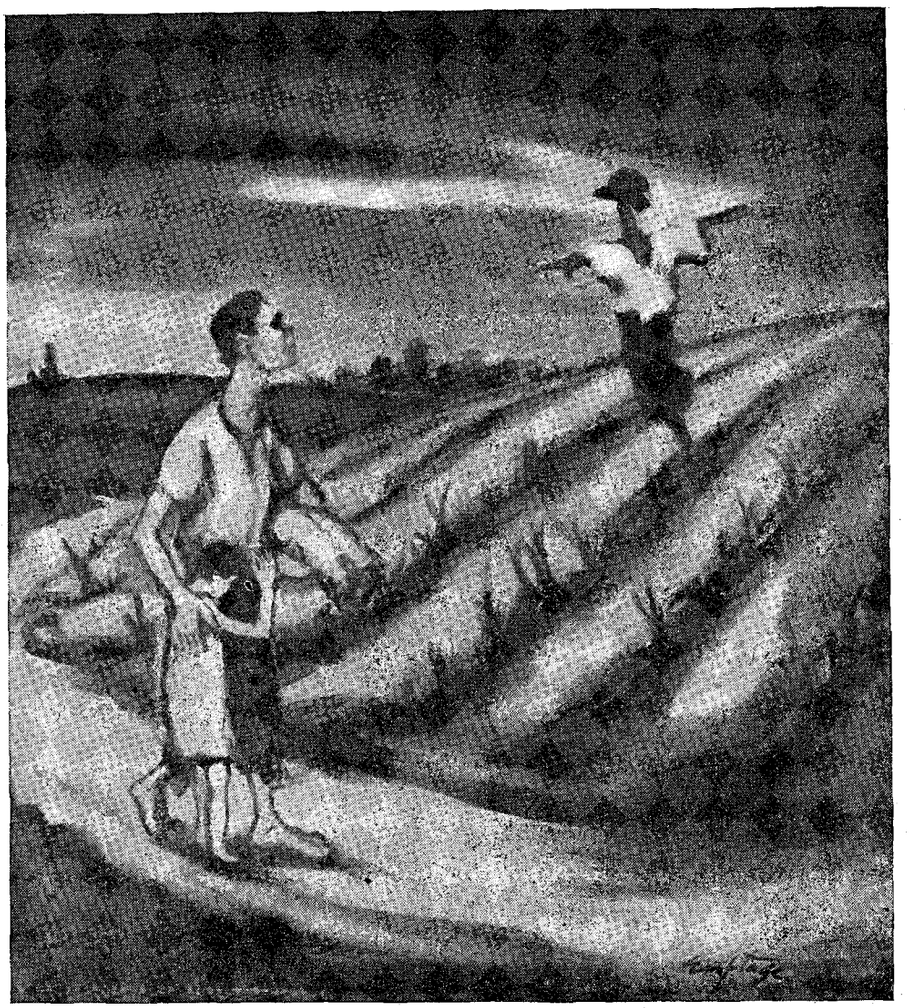
Hollywood producers have long lived by the cynical slogan, "We know it's lousy, but we're only giving the public what it wants." Now the public is not only showing signs of wanting something better, but it is getting it—from Europe. However, the actual box-office threat of foreign films is not too great. What Sam, as a good *Saturday Evening Post* hero, is worried about is the low production cost of the European film.

"There has got to be a reformation," he says. The reformation will consist of a general *hari-kari* of the "worthless" writers, directors, and actors. To be more explicit, Sam will be standing by, politely handing the victims the sword. It will only be a strange coincidence that the people who get the ax will be the leaders of unionization in the studios. They can go back to New York and write letters to the N.L.R.B.

"If they don't we are going to lose our business to foreign producers," he says. Do you mean Alexander Korda, for instance, Sam? How could you lose business to Korda, when you are both members of the same firm—United Artists?

No, let us not take the Great Goldwyn's critical hemorrhage too seriously. He is giving out a few gags to cover the drive already started in the industry to cut wages and personnel. The most wasteful and tasteless producer of them all is blaming his staff. *The Goldwyn Follies* would have been one of the biggest turkeys of the year except for Ben Hecht's gags, a ballet, and Charlie McCarthy. Hecht was hired at the last minute at $1,000 a day to doctor the script. He worked seven days and you can guess how much it was worth to Sam. The rest was Goldwynism. *Marco Polo* would have ended as a double biller if it weren't for the drawing power of Gary Cooper. The cheapening of the story of Marco Polo, which audiences have been quick to recognize, is pure Sam Goldwyn.

Let no one be fooled by the Great Goldwyn



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in a hairshirt, croaking doom up and down our fair land. Under that sackcloth is a sword. He is after the screen Guilds and, since he is anything but a subtle man, he has given sufficient warning.

LITTLE DID WE THINK—the hardy little band of civilians who lived through the American Legion Convention—that our bivouac would so soon reach its apogee in song and story. United Artists may have made their new film, *Battle of Broadway,* without consulting the national offices of our organization, the Veterans of American Legion Conventions, but they have given their piece an elfin quality that we appreciate. In the name of the national command of the V.A.L.C., thank you, Comrade Sol Wurtzel, and thank you, beauteous Louise Hovick (your face is familiar, but your figure puzzles me). Thank you, Brian Donlevy and Victor McLaglen.

This is the story of Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg after they grew up and met Gypsy Rose—oops!—Louise Hovick, who sings *I Am the Daughter of Mademoiselle of Armentieres,* without once reaching for a zipper. Don't go.

Dawn Over Ireland, about "the Trouble," is a painfully sincere picture made in Ireland, with amateur acting and unprofessional production. However, the new film at the Showshop deserves attention for the shining earnestness with which the Irish attack the stories of their war for independence, answering the snide pictures made in England about the Black and Tans.

The Paramount is having a college festival with Kay Kyser's dreamy orchestra and a flicker tidbit called *College Swing.* We college men of the old school are busy with our homework during the engagement.

Emptage's Exhibit

ARTHUR EMPTAGE, national executive secretary of the American Artists' Congress, started to paint seriously about seven years ago, at the age of twenty-eight.

Recently Recommended Plays

Prologue to Glory (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.). Federal Theatre production of E. P. Conkle's play about Lincoln's early life, the affair with Ann Rutledge, and his first steps away from the life of the New Salem country store.

Haiti (Lafayette, N. Y.). Rex Ingram plays the lead in this stiring tale of how one of Toussaint L'Overture's generals foiled Napoleon's attempt to restore slavery in Haiti.

One-third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The current issue of The Living Newspaper, headlining the lack of adequate housing for President Roosevelt's 33 1-3 percent, and emphasizing the need for action. Thoroughly documented, witty, and admirably produced.

SUB TOPICS

WELL, WYFIPs, here we are, and here we're going to be from now on. For this subscription drive is going on and on and on, and don't think that because we've come in off the back page we're any less important. George Willner (he's the business mgr.) has been watching our work, and he wants to keep us on indefinitely. We've done a good job, and we even seem to like it, which is more than most people can say for their jobs these days. So keep right on hounding your friends and turning them into subscribers for America's *indispensable* weekly. And keep on watching for news of how you're doing in this cozy little column each week.

New Whipcracker

I hope you won't be too disappointed to find a new signature at the bottom of this weekly letter. Don't think your friend Charlie has deserted you. He said he thought it was only fair that I should take a turn at this whipcracking business, since I'm The Girl that got him to read New Masses in the first place and changed the whole course of his life. Well, I'm not much of a soapboxer, either, but the Crawfuts will commit anything, even a column, for New Masses, so crack, crack, here we go.

Score next week

Sorry this has to go to press before we hear the final figgers on Charlie's big Win-Your-Friends-and-Influence-People drive for 5000 new readers by May 1. We watched all you marchers and tried to guess how many of those pleased expressions would be reflected in subs in Monday's mail. We'll know soon, and you'll know next week.

Ad for Ad Men

The Advertising Federation of America says their surveys show that "90 percent of advertising is honest and sincere." Well, if that's an honest and sincere survey, I am Bruce Barton! Wonder what a secret poll of copywriters, production men and artists would show? Here's a blurb (unsolicited and unpaid for) from an ad man who envies Charlie Crawfut because "he's got something to sell that's real, unadulterated, pure—the facts of life . . . the key to the future, the mirror of the present . . . the most accurate, up-to-the-minute periodical in the current events field." If you're sick of writing, producing, selling, ads you don't believe in, why don't you counteract your boredom by reading a clean-cut magazine that doesn't have to cut its editorial cloth to fit the ideas of its advertisers? Risk a dollar and try it for 15 weeks!

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If one glances at the catalogue foreword and acquaints himself with this fact, the vigor and technical command displayed by the current exhibitor at the A.C.A. Gallery is amazing. There is a direct approach to problems in his work which may be traced to his late beginning, a directness, however, which does not suggest the so-called primitive style, so natural to persons who begin their art careers rather late. Emptage has an inquisitive turn of mind. He forced himself to struggle with technical problems instead of just painting to his heart's content, an attitude too prevalent among many adult beginners.

In the general spirit of his work, Emptage is now a proletarian painter. His last exhibition contained one painting with social content—a lynching scene. In his current show only two pictures are completely devoid of social implications. His proletarianism is not militant. It is honest and keen observation of the disintegration of the capitalist system. *Easter in Barcelona, Work for Scarecrows,* and *Franco's Recruit* are indictments. There is no hot indignation in those paintings; but the convincing sincerity, and the feeling of hopelessness of things as they are, tend to build up a driving urge to do something about it.

That Emptage has gone forward in the last two years is evident even at first glance. There is freshness in his color, a conception of form which goes beyond mere design, and a sense of dramatic intensity. The promise shown in his last exhibition is realized in his present show—with greater promise for the future. O. M. F.

American Dance Association Concert

THE American Dance Association moved into the Guild Theatre in New York to present Miriam Blecher, Dorothy

Recently Recommended Movies

Test Pilot. Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, and Myrna Loy in an exciting melodrama of stunts in the air and drinks on the ground with notable montage work by Slavko Vorkapitch in the air scenes.

Life Dances On. A French *tour de force,* marked by the finest acting in years by Pierre Blanchar, Françoise Rosay, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet, Raimu, Fernandel and others. Highly recommended.

Lenin in October. The reincarnation of Lenin by Boris Shchukin is of magnificent fidelity and regard to detail. Made for the celebration of twenty years of Soviet power. A triumph in theater art.

To the Victor. Plague the manager of your neighborhood theater until he gets this swell Scotch picture, starring Will Fyffe, and directed by Robert Stevenson.

There's Always a Woman. A variation on *The Thin Man* sort of thing. In it are Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor, and Joan Blondell, who begins to look like our best comedienne.

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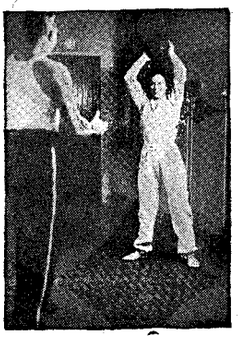

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Miriam Blecher's dances, principally Yiddish character-studies, derive consciously from the class struggle, are well pointed, carry depth and conviction. *Poland—In the Shop* is a sympathetic portrait of the fascist-ridden needleworker glued to his bench out of necessity and fear rather than by any love for his needle. *Birobidjan—In the Field* is the sensuous harvest dance, a rejoicing in the wealth of accomplishment and security. These remain among the best of the young dancer's compositions.

Austria—The Day After, the more important of her new works presented, builds with considerable intensity on the fear and panic that came with Hitler's march into Vienna. Its climax, however, the suicide of the tortured Jew, is more sensational than dramatic.

Dorothy Bird, dancer in the Martha Graham concert group for a number of years, appears currenly in the Broadway musical, *Hooray For What!* and she moves with considerable skill and an abundance of ease; her lesser compositions, while lacking somewhat in a definiteness of character and motif, have personal charm and show a quick sense for pleasing and popular syncopation. Her more ambitious composition, however, more nearly in the concert-dance tradition, does not come off as well. It lacks solidity and needs some straightforward thinking. This should come with more composition and experience.

Si-lan Chen appeared earlier in the season for the Friends of the Chinese People. *Chinese Boxer* was her new contribution, a character sketch of small but pointed qualities. Her folk dances from the Soviet East are still the best works in her repertory.

The last American Dance Association concert of the season will present Lotte Goslar at the Mercury Theatre, May 15.

OWEN BURKE.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Housing Program. John H. Fahey, Chairman, Federal Home Loan Banks Board, will speak, Fri., May 6, 11 a.m., C.B.S.

World Economic Coöperation. Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins, president of Oberlin College, and the Rev. Philip Smead Bird will speak, Fri., May 6, 4:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Great Plays. Maxwell Anderson's *Valley Forge,* Sat., May 7, 5 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Mother's Day Program. Paul de Kruif and Dr. Joseph B. De Lee will speak, Sun., May 8, 2:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Current Questions Before Congress. A representative discusses current problems before the House, Tues., May 10, 4:45 p.m. C.B.S.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka. The assistant curator of the National Museum in Washington will speak on "the racial origins and present composition of the Austrian people," Fri., May 13, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

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NEW MASSES LECTURE: "Behind the Scenes in Washington," by Marguerite Young, Wed., May 11, 8:30 p.m. Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th St. Room 608. Admission, 35c.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every Sunday night, 8:30 p. m. Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12th Street. Admission, 20c.

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NEW MASSES
Literary Section

EDITORS: MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, GRANVILLE HICKS, JOSHUA KUNITZ

NEW MASSES, MAY 10, 1938, VOL. XXVII, NO. 7. NEW YORK, N. Y., IN TWO SECTIONS, OF WHICH THIS IS SECTION TWO

Bright and Morning Star

By Richard Wright

SHE stood with her black face some six inches from the moist windowpane and wondered when on earth would it ever stop raining. It might keep up like this all week, she thought. She heard rain droning upon the roof and high up in the wet sky her eyes followed the silent rush of a bright shaft of yellow that swung from the airplane beacon in far off Memphis. Momently she could see it cutting through the rainy dark; it would hover a second like a gleaming sword above her head, then vanish. She sighed, troubling, Johnny-Boys been trampin in this slop all day wid no decent shoes on his feet. . . . Through the window she could see the rich black earth sprawling outside in the night. There was more rain than the clay could soak up; pools stood everywhere. She yawned and mumbled: "Rains good n bad. It kin make seeds bus up thu the groun, er it kin bog things down lika watah-soaked coffin." Her hands were folded loosely over her stomach and the hot air of the kitchen traced a filmy veil of sweat on her forehead. From the cook stove came the soft singing of burning wood and now and then a throaty bubble rose from a pot of simmering greens.

"Shucks, Johnny-Boy coulda let somebody else do all tha runnin in the rain. Theres others bettah fixed fer it than he is. But, naw! Johnny-Boy ain the one t trust nobody t do nothin. Hes gotta do it *all* hissef. . . ."

She glanced at a pile of damp clothes in a zinc tub. Waal, Ah bettah git to work. She turned, lifted a smoothing iron with a thick pad of cloth, touched a spit-wet finger to it with a quick, jerking motion: *smiiitz!* Yeah; its hot! Stooping, she took a blue work-shirt from the tub and shook it out. With a deft twist of her shoulder she caught the iron in her right hand; the fingers of her left hand took a piece of wax from a tin box and a frying sizzle came as she smeared the bottom. She was thinking of nothing now; her hands followed a life-long ritual of toil. Spreading a sleeve, she ran the hot iron to and fro until the wet cloth became stiff. She was deep in the midst of her work when a song rose out of the far off days of her childhood and broke through half-parted lips:

Hes the Lily of the Valley, the Bright n Mawnin Star
Hes the Fairest of Ten Thousan t mah soul . . .

A gust of wind dashed rain against the window. Johnny-Boy oughta c mon home n eat his suppah. Aw Lawd! Itd be fine ef Sug could eat wid us tonight! Itd be like ol times! Mabbe aftah all it wont be long fo he'll be back. Tha lettah Ah got from im las week said *Don give up hope. . . .* Yeah; we gotta live in hope. Then both of her sons, Sug and Johnny-Boy, would be back with her.

With an involuntary nervous gesture, she stopped and stood still, listening. But the only sound was the

Federal Writers' Issue

GUEST EDITORS:

S. Funaroff and Willard Maas

WE ARE devoting this month's literary section to the work of writers on the Federal Arts Projects. The joint Federal Arts Bill (S. 3296 and H.R. 9102) proposes to establish a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts, which would support and make possible the functioning of writers and artists throughout the United States. The distinguished contributions made by the Federal Theater, Music, Art, and Dance projects are already well known to the public. The creative writing presented here indicates the high degree of literary talent on the Federal Writers' Project and emphasizes the need for government support of the arts.—The Editors.

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lulling fall of rain. Shucks, ain no usa me ackin this way, she thought. Ever time they gits ready to hol them meetings Ah gits jumpity. Ah been a lil scared ever since Sug went t jail. She heard the clock ticking and looked. Johnny-Boys a *hour* late! He sho mus be havin a time doin all tha trampin, trampin thu the mud. . . . But her fear was a quiet one; it was more like an intense brooding than a fear; it was a sort of hugging of hated facts so closely that she could feel their grain, like letting cold water run over her hand from a faucet on a winter morning.

She ironed again, faster now, as if the more she engaged her body in work the less she would think. But how could she forget Johnny-Boy out there on those wet fields rounding up white and black Communists for a meeting tomorrow? And that was just what Sug had been doing when the sheriff had caught him, beat him, and tried to make him tell who and where his comrades were. Po Sug! They sho musta beat tha boy something awful! But, thank Gawd, he didnt talk! He ain no weaklin' Sug ain! Hes been lion-hearted all his life long.

That had happened a year ago. And now each time those meetings came around the old terror surged back. While shoving the iron a cluster of toiling days returned; days of washing and ironing to feed Johnny-Boy and Sug so they could do party work; days of carrying a hundred pounds of white folks' clothes upon her head across fields sometimes wet and sometimes dry. But in those days a hundred pounds was nothing to carry carefully balanced upon her head while stepping by instinct over the corn and cotton rows. The only time it had seemed heavy was when she had heard of Sug's arrest. She had been coming home one morning with a bundle upon her head, her hands swinging idly by her sides, walking slowly with her eyes in front of her, when Bob, Johnny-Boy's pal, had called from across the fields and had come and told her that the sheriff had got Sug. That morning the bundle had become heavier than she could ever remember.

And with each passing week now, though she spoke of it to no one, things were becoming heavier. The tubs of water and the smoothing iron and the bundle of clothes were becoming harder to lift, her with her back aching so, and her work was taking longer, all because Sug was gone and she didn't know just when Johnny-Boy would be taken too. To ease the ache of anxiety that was swelling her heart, she hummed, then sang softly:

> He walks wid me, He talks wid me
> He tells me Ahm His own. . . .

Guiltily, she stopped and smiled. Looks like Ah jus cant seem t fergit them ol songs, no mattah how hard Ah tries. . . . She had learned them when she was a little girl living and working on a farm. Every Monday morning from the corn and cotton fields the slow strains had floated from her mother's lips, lonely and haunting; and later, as the years had filled with gall, she had learned their deep meaning. Long hours of scrubbing floors for a few cents a day had taught her who Jesus was, what a great boon it was to cling to Him, to be like Him and suffer without a mumbling word. She had poured the yearning of her life into the songs, feeling buoyed with a faith beyond this world. The figure of the Man nailed in agony to the Cross, His burial in a cold grave, His transfigured Resurrection, His being breath and clay, God and Man—all had focused her feelings upon an imagery which had swept her life into a wondrous vision.

But as she had grown older, a cold white mountain, the white folks and their laws, had swum into her vision and shattered her songs and their spell of peace. To her that white mountain was temptation, something to lure her from her Lord, a part of the world God had made in order that she might endure it and come through all the stronger, just as Christ had risen with greater glory from the tomb. The days crowded with trouble had enhanced her faith and she had grown to love hardship with a bitter pride; she had obeyed the laws of the white folks with a soft smile of secret knowing.

After her mother had been snatched up to heaven in a chariot of fire, the years had brought her a rough workingman and two black babies, Sug and Johnny-Boy, all three of whom she had wrapped in the charm and magic of her vision. Then she was tested by no less than God; her man died, a trial which she bore with the strength shed by the grace of her vision; finally even the memory of her man faded into the vision itself, leaving her with two black boys growing tall, slowly into manhood.

Then one day grief had come to her heart when Johnny-Boy and Sug had walked forth demanding their lives. She had sought to fill their eyes with her vision, but they would have none of it. And she had wept when they began to boast of the strength shed by a new and terrible vision.

But she had loved them, even as she loved them now; bleeding, her heart had followed them. She could have done no less, being an old woman in a strange world. And day by day her sons had ripped from her startled eyes her old vision; and image by image had given her a new one, different, but great and strong enough to fling her into the light of another grace. The wrongs and sufferings of black men had taken the place of Him nailed to the Cross; the meager beginnings of the party had become another Resurrection; and the hate of those who would destroy her new faith had quickened in her a hunger to feel how deeply her strength went.

"Lawd, Johnny-Boy," she would sometimes say, "Ah jus wan them white folks t try t make me tell *who* is *in* the party n who *ain!* Ah jus wan em t try, n Ahll show em something they never thought a black woman could have!"

But sometimes like tonight, while lost in the forgetfulness of work, the past and the present would become mixed in her; while toiling under a strange star for a new freedom the old songs would slip from her lips with their beguiling sweetness.

The iron was getting cold. She put more wood into the fire, stood again at the window and watched the yellow blade of light cut through the wet darkness. Johnny-Boy ain here yit. . . . Then, before she was aware of it,

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she was still, listening for sounds. Under the drone of rain she heard the slosh of feet in mud. Tha ain Johnny-Boy. She knew his long, heavy footsteps in a million. She heard feet come on the porch. Some woman. . . . She heard bare knuckles knock three times, then once. Thas some of them comrades! She unbarred the door, cracked it a few inches, and flinched from the cold rush of damp wind.

"Whos tha?"

"Its me!"

"Who?"

"Me, Reva!"

She flung the door open.

"Lawd, chile, c mon in!"

She stepped to one side and a thin, blond-haired white girl ran through the door; as she slid the bolt she heard the girl gasping and shaking her wet clothes. Somethings wrong! Reva wouldna walked a mile t mah house in all this slop fer nothin! Tha gals stuck onto Johnny-Boy; Ah wondah ef anything happened t im?

"Git on inter the kitchen, Reva, where its warm."

"Lawd, Ah sho is wet!"

"How yuh reckon yuhd be, in all tha rain?"

"Johnny-Boy ain here *yit?*" asked Reva.

"Naw! N ain no usa yuh worryin bout im. Jus yuh git them shoes off! Yuh wanna ketch yo deatha col?" She stood looking absently. Yeah; its something bout the party er Johnny-Boy thas gone wrong. Lawd, Ah wondah ef her pa knows how she feels bout Johnny-Boy? "Honey, yuh hadnt oughta come out in sloppy weather like this."

"Ah had t come, An Sue."

She led Reva to the kitchen.

"Git them shoes off n git close t the stove so yuhll git dry!"

"An Sue, Ah got something t tell yuh . . ."

The words made her hold her breath. Ah bet its something bout Johnny-Boy!

"Whut, honey?"

"The sheriff wuz by our house tonight. He come t see pa."

"Yeah?"

"He done got word from somewheres bout tha meetin tomorrow."

"Is it Johnny-Boy, Reva?"

"Aw, naw, An Sue! Ah ain hearda word bout im. Ain yuh seen im tonight?"

"He ain come home t eat yit."

"Where kin he be?"

"Lawd knows, chile."

"Somebodys gotta tell them comrades tha meetings off," said Reva. "The sheriffs got men watchin our house. Ah had t slip out t git here widout em followin me."

"Reva?"

"Hunh?"

"Ahma ol woman n Ah wans yuh t tell me the truth."

"Whut, An Sue?"

"Yuh ain tryin t fool me, is yuh?"

"*Fool* yuh?"

"Bout Johnny-Boy?"

"Lawd, naw, An Sue!"

"Ef theres anything wrong jus tell me, chile. Ah kin stan it."

She stood by the ironing board, her hands as usual folded loosely over her stomach, watching Reva pull off her water-clogged shoes. She was feeling that Johnny-Boy was already lost to her; she was feeling the pain that would come when she knew it for certain; and she was feeling that she would have to be brave and bear it. She was like a person caught in a swift current of water and knew where the water was sweeping her and did not want to go on but had to go on to the end.

"It ain nothin bout Johnny-Boy, An Sue," said Reva. "But we gotta do something er we'll all git inter trouble."

"How the sheriff know bout tha meetin?"

"Thas whut pa wans t know."

"Somebody done turned Judas."

"Sho looks like it."

"Ah bet it wuz some of them new ones," she said.

"Its hard t tell," said Reva.

"Lissen, Reva, yuh oughta stay here n git dry, but yuh bettah git back n tell yo pa Johnny-Boy ain here n Ah don know when hes gonna show up. *Some*bodys gotta tell them comrades t stay erway from yo pa's house."

She stood with her back to the window, looking at Reva's wide, blue eyes. Po critter! Gotta go back thu all tha slop! Though she felt sorry for Reva, not once did she think that it would not have to be done. Being a woman, Reva was not suspect; she would have to go. It was just as natural for Reva to go back through the cold rain as it was for her to iron night and day, or for Sug to be in jail. Right now, Johnny-Boy was out there on those dark fields trying to get home. Lawd, don let em git im tonight! In spite of herself her feelings became torn. She loved her son and, loving him, she loved what he was trying to do. Johnny-Boy was happiest when he was working for the party, and her love for him was for his happiness. She frowned, trying hard to fit something together in her feelings: for her to try to stop Johnny-Boy was to admit that all the toil of years meant nothing; and to let him go meant that sometime or other he would be caught, like Sug. In facing it this way she felt a little stunned, as though she had come suddenly upon a blank wall in the dark. But outside in the rain were people, white and black, whom she had known all her life. Those people depended upon Johnny-Boy, loved him and looked to him as a man and leader. Yeah; hes gotta keep on; he cant stop now. . . . She looked at Reva; she was crying and pulling her shoes back on with reluctant fingers.

"Whut yuh carryin on tha way fer, chile?"

"Yuh done los Sug, now yuh sendin Johnny-Boy . . ."

"Ah got t, honey."

She was glad she could say that. Reva believed in black folks and not for anything in the world would she falter before her. In Reva's trust and acceptance of her she had found her first feelings of humanity; Reva's love was her refuge from shame and degradation. If in the early days of her life the white mountain had driven her back from the earth, then in her last days Reva's love was drawing her toward it, like the beacon that

(*Continued on page 116*)

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The Brown Coat

By Alexander Godin

THE first time we tried to cross the border into Poland, we were arrested on the Russian side. This was in 1921, at the close of the summer. One of our wagoners had betrayed us; and afterwards we were led back on foot, Siberian style, through the parched Ukranian steppe. The blazing sun scorched our backs during the day, we staggered from thirst, and knelt on all fours to drink from those stinking pools of water which the sun had not yet dried up.

At night, we slept in makeshift jails, upon pale-yellow straw stamped into shreds from much use; this straw swarmed with vermin like a clear pond with fish. The sentry who accompanied us slept in a sitting posture in the doorway; his eyes were open like a dead man's, and his trigger-finger rested on his battered rifle.

Sometimes a passing wagon picked us up; wagons were scarce, however. They had been requisitioned so often by the armies which had contended for the Ukraine, the peasants had finally driven their horses into the woods. But a week later we were back in Zhitomir, from which we had set out on our desperate and foolhardy journey to America.

After that, we stayed in the local Cheka. When given food, we ate, and listened to the dull clicking of the typewriters overhead. All around us we heard the stubborn cries of a dying world. The life around us burned itself out quickly, hemmed in by death as by a raging sea. It was into this life from which, panic-stricken, we had fled, that we were again thrust, my older sister and I.

WHEN MOTHER was transferred to a women's prison outside the city, we were put in the custody of a relative.

There was not enough food in the house of our relative, however. They were starving in that house also, and while my sister remained, I wandered homelessly over Zhitomir. I went in search of shelter and food, trying to outstrip that death which was surely overtaking all the living; I returned to the Ribnaya market, which swarmed with other homeless boys.

In the middle of the square the Ribnaya porters stood on the cobbles with bare feet, rope coiled about their waists like the snakes of Indian fakirs. Their shoulders were wide and bent like shovels. They had nothing to do here now; but they had stood on this spot for years, and continued to stand in the stifling heat. They smoked fruit-leaves rolled in thick wrapping-paper, and the homeless boys imitated them.

Afterwards my eyes were fixed on the ground in a desperate search for applecores; all the homeless and hungry of the city walked with intent faces and bent heads. When I found a core, I would swallow it at once, fearing to be deprived of my find by those who were stronger than I.

For, instead of being made more savage by hunger, I grew weaker from day to day. The world was too much for me and my twelve years, and I felt my life burning itself out hopelessly; I felt the wretchedness of our lives and my own boyish terror rise up in my throat, my head would grow large and empty with despair, and I would sink into a coma.

I began to fear the long, stifling days, through which walked ghosts; and to dread the nights, when I would lie down in some abandoned house beside other homeless ones. The threads of my days seemed endless; but these threads were in danger of breaking at any time, and I was more afraid of dying than of anything. For I had seen my brother die, I had witnessed the struggle he had put up before the rigidity of death had finally conquered him, and I did not want to die.

SOMETIMES I WOULD FLEE these thoughts, however, and run off to the prison where mother was kept; but whenever I reached its gates, I was refused admittance.

Afterwards, when I succeeded in entering the prison-yard, the sentry began to drive me back. I had crawled under the creaking body of a commissary-wagon on its way in; inside, standing at a barred window, was mother.

She prevailed upon the sentry to leave me a while; and sobbing wordlessly, all the bitter days welled up in me, and I wanted to complain, to keep on complaining. The nature of the place, however, the ghastly walls of the prison, and the eyes of the other women upon me, forced me to silence.

When mother handed me a bit of her prison-bread, a mixture of chaff and chopped straw, I became oblivious of everything else; leaving her at the window, I ran, eating the bread and starting at every sound.

This life could not go on indefinitely, however; I needed something to shield me from the world, or I would perish like so many others. This should be of such a nature, at least, as to make the utter senselessness of my existence bearable. Then a new coat arrived for me from America, some clothing for the others, and a little food.

The market-square on that day, for some reason almost deserted, became filled with porters and homeless boys when the huge crates, loaded on flat wagons, arrived from the station. They surrounded the wagons quickly, talking with unusual animation; I pushed myself forward with difficulty.

The wooden crates were bound with flat strips of metal; outlandish characters were stenciled in black on their sides, and from the damaged corners of one crate, as it was being unloaded, driblets of rice poured out. The porters fought the homeless boys for this rice, they

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picked the grains from the ground as if they were golden, and wrapped them in rags torn from their shirts.

When I saw these crates, I believed they were surely from America. For the image of America and what it meant for us, as food, was forever before my eyes.

AFTER SHE WAS RELEASED from prison, mother investigated the matter; a week later a parcel of food was delivered to the house of our relative, and a sack containing clothing. We crowded around the food, for some reason eating the chocolate in the parcel first.

When the sack was opened, however, I saw my new coat, brown and with black buttons. This coat was too wide for me, it was too long and trailed on the ground, collecting dust. But it was new, the odor of dye was still on its cloth, which was smooth to the touch. When I tried it on, I felt as if my sores were at last hidden from the world. . . . As before, the vermin continued to crawl beneath the fine cloth and the black buttons, however; as before, too, I was still troubled by them, but now they seemed insignificant, they seemed not to matter now. I don't know why, but it seemed to me that the coat would shield me from many ills; and a new dignity came into my life.

The second time we left Zhitomir by a new route. The ceaseless movement of the wagon frequently closed our eyes, and when we opened them again, the wagon seemed to stand still; our heads turned, and the earth whirled quickly and dizzily. The horses kicked up a curtain of dust around us, and the driver sat stonily in the seat up front. Sometimes dogs barked, then the earth seemed to whirl even more quickly.

At night, we froze in the bitter chill of approaching autumn, our teeth chattered, and more than once we wondered if it would not have been better had we stayed home. For we were fugitives, the hand of every man was now raised against us, and we could not endure another reverse. We had no home now, however, and had to go on.

Then, for a while after we had crossed the border, we hid in the forest, awaiting an opportunity to move on. The birds shrilled stridently, at night the full moon looked down upon us like a disdainful foe, and the immense trees stood over us like sentries. The rustling of their leaves seemed to us like the voice of betrayal, which formerly had had such a bitter taste.

At the same time, however, I felt that sense of security I had never known in my childhood. The limits of the real world had grown nebulous to me the moment I had put on my coat; presently they had almost ceased to exist; and a new world took the place of the old.

SOME DISTANCE beyond the border it began to rain. Then the wide road turned liquid, and the wheels of our wagon sank to the hub. The horses panted, their drenched hides steamed; and the driver, a sack over his head, constantly whipped them up. The mist was heavy, like smoke, and the others crouched miserably in their seats.

And all this time I sat in my corner of the wagon as if it were a world unlike the one the others inhabited. The disharmony existing in nature was like balm to me, for now I could ignore it as never before. For my coat shielded me from the bitter rain, and in the unreal world I had created for myself, I felt it might yet ward off death itself.

Then there was an accident: I had to relieve myself, I was too shy to ask the driver to stop, and jumped off the wagon, instead. I jumped over the side, and the skirts of my coat caught in the spokes of the hind wheels. I was flung under the wagon as by an invisible hand, and into the liquid mud. The hind wheels barely missed going over me.

This should have sobered me, it should have awakened me to the peril of my new existence and given me cause for thought. I continued to live as in a waking dream, however; I was like a man drunk with happiness, and felt it could never end.

From that moment, a curious song threaded my mind in my waking moments, and wound itself through my dreams. Often this song was made by the wheels of the trains on which we subsequently rode; and I, my legs crossed under me on the hard bench on which I sat, would smile blissfully, I would smile as an idiot smiles, as one whose mind no life had ever touched.

Sometimes this elation would become too painful to bear, however, and I sobbed incoherently.

THE LIMITS of the real world, which had grown nebulous to me the moment I had put on my coat, finally caught me up, however. I had rejected them in my need, but they asserted themselves with a vengeful pitilessness.

We got to the city of Antwerp about two months after we had left Zhitomir, and awaited the medical examinations which would determine our fitness to proceed to the New World. The waiting was tedious, and we walked all day about the city. The autumnal sky was gray, a thick fog rose like a curtain from the sea, and the street-lamps were not put out.

The sea was turbulent, it seemed to stretch out hands with which to draw us into itself. At night, the dismal wind swept through the streets of the Belgian city, it brought images of drowning into our dreams, and rattled everything that was loose. I had brushed the dried mud from my coat till it again seemed new; now it stilled in me the fears aroused by the sea and by the unknown which lay ahead.

But on the eve of the medical examinations, we were taken suddenly to an immense bathhouse. We had often thought of this time with dread, yet now, as we were told to undress, we did so unprotestingly. We were asked to put our clothes into bags furnished us for that purpose, then they were taken away for fumigation; I put my coat in the sack with the other clothes, though I learned afterwards I should have left it outside.

Then, enveloped in clouds of steam through which the bodies of men and boys glistened dully, I kept slipping on the wet stone floor; the liquid soap which I used on my hair ran over into my eyes. The bathhouse turned into a scalding abyss with sharp and treacherous

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edges, the pain cut my eyes like a knife, and I feared the loss of my sight.

I forgot my coat, then, and prayed wordlessly I should not be stricken in this way; I argued with a malignant destiny that I was too young, and pointed to my life in the past. But when my eyes became clear and my clothes were brought to me, I did not feel grateful. For the sleeves of my coat had shrunk to the elbows, and the coat itself had shriveled up.

The lights in the bathhouse, dimmed by the stream, blurred. The people around me were like shadows whose mouths opened and shut ceaselessly. I put the ruined coat on my bare shoulders and began madly to dance. This I continued for some time, feeling no shame, hampered by no restraint. The heart pounded with fierce unforgiveness against my ribs, and I felt my life burning itself out hopelessly.

I was again thrown into the senseless life I had known, and I felt an illness coming over me. I was not ill, however; nor did I wear my coat again. I understood at last why I had used the coat as a shield against a chaotic and needlessly brutal existence. It was a bitter moment when that realization came to me; but with that ended my childhood.

Medicine

By Oscar Saul, Alfred Hayes, and H. R. Hays

THE following excerpt is from the script of the forthcoming Living Newspaper production, *Medicine,* now in preparation by the Federal Theatre Project in New York City.—THE EDITORS.

(A drop represents an arcade. Six puny, wrinkled, baldish figures (before) support one side, the other is held up by the muscular man in the lion skin (after) familiar to readers of the pulp magazine. Mr. Green stands looking at the figures. Suddenly he is surrounded by a chorus of patent medicines costumed in well-known brands. They sing enticingly.)

CHORUS

Do you suffer from sterility,
Impotence or debility?
Are you losing your virility?
Don't despair!
You can still be sex-appealing,
You can lose that run-down feeling
And the dandruff that's revealing
Falling hair!
Falling hair!
Run, don't walk to the nearest store,
Buy a bottle of Squirk.
It doesn't matter what it's for,
It's always sure to work.
Take it when the weather's cold,
Take it when it's hot.
Take it if you're young or old
But always take a lot.
Then—
When the movies want a he-man
Or the government a G-man
Or the girls a Tarzan, tree-man,
You'll be there!
Don't despair,
You'll be there!

GREEN *(Hopefully)*

Can you make me big and muscular?

CHORUS

Red-blooded and corpuscular!

GREEN

Can you cure appendicitis?

CHORUS *(Very rapidly)*

Falling arches and neuritis
And arthritis
And bronchitis
And gastritis
And colitis
Dermatitis,
Tonsilitis,
Laryngitis,
All the ills that flesh is heir to,
Even some that are not there, too,
We can cure 'em all!

GREEN

That's fine,
Here's my dime.

CHORUS *(Indignant)*

A dime!

GREEN

Don't holler.

CHORUS

A dollar!
And lay it on the line!

GREEN

One minute!
What's in it?

CHORUS *(Sternly)*

Read the label
If you're able.
(Green studies it to no avail)
Don't stop to think,
Drink,
Drink,
Drink!
(He drinks. There is a terrific crash. He falls flat. Blackout)

LOUDSPEAKER

Is there a chemist here today?
What has the chemist got to say?
(Burst of smoke, chemist appears. He reads off the

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constituents of a number of patent medicines ending with Slimotto. Fanfare of music, enter a very fat man with a bottle of Slimotto.)*

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

I represent Slimotto
And I speak for its producer.
It's a guaranteed reducer.

CHEMIST

But it burns the tissues too, Sir.

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

(Puts the bottle down on the stage. It has a string attached which he holds in his hand)
Says who?
(Postman enters)

POSTMAN

By order of the postal board,
Seized for trying to defraud.
It's got to be withdrawn from sale.

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

(Yanks bottle away with string)
I won't send it through the mail.

POSTMAN

Out of my jurisdiction.
(He exits. Representative of Food and Drug Administration enters)

FOOD AND DRUG ADMN.

There's still protection for the nation.
The Food and Drug Administration.
We'll fine you, throw you in the jug.
(Grabs for bottle)

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

(Jerks bottle away)
Who says Slimotto is a drug?

FOOD AND DRUG ADMN.

Out of my jurisdiction.
(Exits as two representatives of the Federal Trade Commission enter)

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

Here come two more master minds.

F. T. C.

The Federal Trade Commission finds
Your blurbs and labels need revising.
You're guilty of false advertising.
(One takes the bottle and puts it in his pocket)

CHEMIST

Now, at last, Slimotto's caught.

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

Not me, I'll take the case to court.
(Supreme Court judge enters)

JUDGE

It's true the advertising's spurious.
It's also true the drug's injurious.
However . . . harmful advertising claims
Can do no wrong, the court affirms,
Unless they harm competing firms.
(He exits)

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

(Yanks bottle out of F. T. C.'s pocket with string)
As long as profits keep on growing,
We'll find a way to keep it going.
(Kisses bottle. A huge manuscript rolled up and tied with a ribbon lands on the stage with a thud)

CHEMIST

What's that?

REPRESENTATIVE OF SLIMOTTO CO.

My God, a bill!
(Blows a police whistle. Roll of drums. Representatives of drug companies, periodicals, a couple of senators rush on. They unroll the bill and examine it as they talk)

GROUP

A bill!
A bill!
A bill, my friends,
Would kill the till!
Aud bring the profits down to nil!

LOUDSPEAKER

The National Association of Radio Broadcasters.
The National Association of Periodical Publishers.
The National Editorial Association.
Assisted by Senator Bailey and Senator Vandenberg.

ALL

We all agree this bill of Mr. Tugwell's
Would make a fine addition to the laws,
Provided you pay heed to our suggestion,
And eliminate a simple little clause.
And eliminate a simple little clause!
(They tear out a piece of the bill)
While we feel that bottles shouldn't be mislabeled
And we read the section on this with applause,
Still we must remember we are all in business,
So—let's just eliminate that little clause.

ALL

So—let's just eliminate that little clause!
(They tear out another piece)
The restrictions that you put on advertising,
Though on the whole they're good, have certain flaws.
When they begin to hurt the advertiser,
Then we simply must eliminate that clause,
Yes, we simply must eliminate that clause!
(They tear the whole bill to pieces and throw the pieces up in the air with a whoop. The patent medicines come on and all sing while Representative of Slimotto Co. dances, holding up the bottle)
Run, don't walk, to the nearest store,
Buy a bottle of Squirk.
It doesn't matter what it's for,
It's always sure to work.
Take it when the weather's cold,
Take it when it's hot.
Take it if you're young or old,
But always take a lot.
Then—
When the movies want a he-man,
Or the government a G-man,
Or the girls a Tarzan tree-man,
You'll be there!
Don't despair,
You'll be there!
(Chorus swells to grand finale and blackout)

* The name of the patent medicine has been changed here for obvious reasons but will be revealed at the time of production.

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A Tall, Dark Man

By Saul Levitt

"—and a tall dark man will enter your life—"

FOR this feeling now, this feeling of doublecrossers around him—a drink! To wipe the taste out of your mouth. He bought a paper at the stand. Chiang Kai-shek on horseback with drawn sword and the caption below: China will resist Japanese invasion of Manchuria.

A moocher at his elbow—"go to hell!"—that was what he said harshly, only to turn back and spin a dime through the air.

That speak off Third Avenue: the little flight of steps going down. He wanted a soft hour, he wanted to think about the words, the words heard tonight, today, the words with Stein, and then later at the club—words—and, yes, attitudes too, the voices—troubling.

A double rye and a beer chaser. The same old speak; he felt better. Of a sudden he dropped suspicions, thoughts, he took flight—faster than the coast plane to Miami. Down there with Min in the sun! The beach at Miami! White beach and that sun. God, the sun, that ocean. He returned. The trouble you could have with women, the way some situations can get balled up. He mused.

"A double rye," he mused darkly. And in the back, through the half-open backdoor of the speak, falling on a tin can—rain. Making a tinkle, a three-note tinkle, one, two, three, and down the scale again—tum, tum, tum—dee, dee, dee.

He listened, musing. Oh, Dixie!

Into the troubled thinking, that tall, dark man on the other side of him, talking. That voice. Listening to it, listening to himself being addressed, something new added. He found himself being addressed, and he hated it. He had been pulled out of his thoughts into listening, and the voice pointing gradually, pointing deeply, significantly, at him. Reasons for anger. He stared at that tall man, tall and thin and with a finely thin neck, the back of it thin as an eggshell. He felt he could crush it between thumb and forefinger.

"Just like I was telling you," said the man. "When I say that the West will come riding in I know what I'm talking about. They'll come riding in. They'll clean it up something sweet! They'll clean up the country."

The bartender put on the radio. Dance music.

And the voice through the dance music, with Heller's hands itching sadly for that neck.

"This town, it controls everything, this town. Heh! It stinks. Not fit for a man to live in. I wouldn't live here for a million. Can you imagine raising kids here," said the tall, thin man, lifting his head over the bar toward the bartender like a rooster crowing.

"You got customers," said Heller cynically at last, looking at the bartender.

"I certainly got 'em," said the bartender philosophically. "Don't mind Mike. He's crazy. He lives around the corner downstairs. This stuff about the West. I've been hearing it for the last five years. Arizona and the Northwest. If it ain't one it's the other. He knows 'em backwards and forwards. He must read books, heh-heh."

The tall, thin man nodded. He looked at Heller, he pointed his finger, he smiled at Heller in a fixed, cold, little smile, the mouth thin. "I don't know," he said, "I don't know. When a man has a chance to pull his head back and pull that air in"—he breathed deeply and noisily—"when a man has a chance to breathe it in full of pine needles he's more fit. Well, that's why. You got air out there. Not a Jew in a carload out there," he said amiably, "except maybe a general store. I know if they——"

"Why, lissen now, Mike," cried the bartender fiercely, "we don't tolerate that stuff around here. We don't have any prejudice or any of that stuff around here!"

"Me, prejudiced!" cried the tall man honestly. He fell back. He looked at himself in the mirror back of the bar to make sure. "Me, prejudiced!"

"We don't tolerate that stuff around here!" said the bartender, looking at Heller.

The rain tinkled softly on the tin can outside the backdoor. Tum, tum, tum—dee, dee, dee. Over the short dark man's face there spread a faint glow. He fed his beer chaser with salt.

"I've got a right to my opinions," said the tall man. "Out in California now. California!" he said reverently. "They showed the Japs. They showed them whose country it was. They burned the orchards. They put them in their places. . . . We've got a right! They'll come riding in——"

"Can it," said Heller. "Close up." He hunched over the bar, considering the woodwork, tapping his fingers softly.

"There it is," said the tall man with conviction. "There it is!" He turned in a wide circle, gesturing to the empty speak. "Just what I mean! Interfering. Butting in. Mr. Buttinsky—ski—Levinski. You go riding on a train, you're hanging onto a strap when somebody comes up and hangs onto the strap with you or leaning all over you and you look down and it's a little peewee of a Jew. In your pockets one way or the other. In your pockets."

The beer foamed under the salt. He drank it down. "Same," he said. "And listen, George." Heller bent over the bar. He said softly, "Clean up this place some time, George. You know what I mean George. Use the flit. I'm gonna use the flit in a minute, George, if you don't. You know what I mean, George."

"Hah-hah," said the bartender with an effort, turning the radio higher.

The tall man's eyes twinkled kindly. "A guy gets

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sore," he said kindly, "because he can't take it. He thinks I'm prejudiced. No one can help it if he's born that way. I don't blame a nigger for being a nigger. His father and his mother. His grandfather and his grandmother. All the way back to Africa. Naturally. You can't blame a man for that. I don't blame you, mister," he said to Heller kindly.

The broad little man turned in a swift movement. He grabbed the tall, thin man at the back of his neck, at the point where it was most pathetically fragile and childish, like an undernourished boy's. He held it between thumb and forefinger, bending the tall man over, who was made speechless, his eyes dark and sad. Like an ant dragging a leafy splinter, the husky man pulled him to the backdoor, chucked him into the alley.

He glowed silently at the bar. The bartender stared at him, turned to polish a counter. From the radio, a soprano voice soaring through "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."

A new perplexity welled up in him now, made out of the voice, the words of the tall man. He felt suddenly an obscure need for self-defense. He leaned on the bar, somehow like a heavy, anguished animal without a voice, he played with the bow-tie.

"I believe in this country one hundred percent," he said dully. "I wouldn't live in Europe if they paid me. I'm an American right down to my toes. I was born here."

The bartender stared at him, rubbing a bald spot on the top of his skull tenderly.

"A dinge! He compared me! I was born here, where did he get that stuff? Don't I speak the language?

"When we had the war I was all lined up to go just when it ended. Two more months and I'd've been with the boys over there. If there's anybody I hate it's a slacker. I can't stand a slacker and a doublecrosser. But how about those guys in the Market? How about those guys who were dumping stock two years ago and selling the U. S. A. down the river? Everything going to hell. Yellow! They ought to put them on one of these garbage boats and dump them out at sea. They don't belong here."

He looked up at the small American flag behind the bartender, with despair flooding his face. ,

"I'm an American right down to my toes. Where do they get that stuff? I was born here. . . . Doublecrossers," he said. "You don't know who is and who ain't doing you dirty these days——"

He went out. Why didn't he kill that tall bastard, he should've cut his heart out and bounced it against a wall. Oh, the doublecrossers, the goddam, reneging, dirty, lousy doublecrossers in this world!

Third Avenue dark in the shadow of the Elevated, a tiny little girl, with one stocking torn, twisting in and out of the "L" pillars in a secret game of her own. In an upstairs window, a spot of light, a woman's face. Queen Marie maybe. A signboard facing him, showing a blue-shirted workman with hands outstretched: The American Family Is in Danger! The blue workman ran bluish in the rain.

Oh, Dixie!

My Grandfather

By Arnold Manoff

RAZOR, shmazor—my grandfather, Laizer, never took a shave in his life. His beard crawls, dirty white, down to his belly button, and if he did not trim it now and then, it would be sweeping the floor like his pants. And the pants—he likes them that way, big and roomy, like potato sacks. Better than buying his own are these he wears, hand-me-downs from his sons who are all a foot taller than he. And as he never learned a word of English during his thirty years in America, so too he never sees the loops for the belt and the buttons for the fly. Like petals from a flower the tops of the pants fold back over the belt, and believe him, what does he need a belt for altogether when a rope would do just as well. His jackets—well, never mind his jackets. What are jackets for anyway but to hide soiled shirts and to keep him warm like an extra blanket while he takes a sweet little afternoon snooze.

Now it happened one Friday that he came home from work as usual some two hours before sunset so that he would have time to prepare for the Sabbath. Apparently, everything was as it should be. In one glance, in one sniff, he absorbed the household to his complete satisfaction. The candlesticks shining bright, the furniture polished and smelling of lemon oil, the old woman busy in the kitchen from which streamed the mingled odors of freshly baked *chaleh,* fish, *tsimas*. Nothing to do but change his shirt and skull cap and lie down until the lighting of the candles. And of course, a little snifter of whiskey could well be used to warm up that old soul of his for some extra-heavy meditation. He gulped easily, one . . . two . . . three, and several more. He smacked his lips, wiped his beard, and lowered himself with a sigh onto the couch. Soon it was all mellow and he was floating in a warm liquid sort of space that closely resembled Paradise.

"Laizer! Laizer! Get up! The house is burning!" his old woman suddenly screamed.

Thirty years in America, ask him what street he lives on. Ask him who is the President. The street, he'll say, is a street like all streets. No? So why worry about its name. And the President. Well, seventeen years ago was a Mr. Tannenbaum, a fine man if ever was one. But because his old woman got sick and . . . and . . . and now is the president of the synagogue, a Mr. Feinstein, not so ay ay ay, but good enough.

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"Where?" he queried, seeing and smelling only the smoke which was curling in through the door. "It's only smoke," he assured her. "Open wide the windows and it will go out." And so saying, he turned his back to the frantic woman and sought to resume his interrupted snooze.

In a moment there were screechings in the hallways, distinct, electrifying. Fire! Fire! The old woman, distracted, did not know what to do first. She pulled him. She ran to the door. Back to the kitchen. The smoke was pouring in heavier now.

My grandfather Laizer growled disgustedly and rose from the bed to see for himself why such a commotion.

Buildings grow to towers, horses vanish for motors, out of a city emerges a great metropolis; the world breathes fire and energy, and my grandfather Laizer steps sedately into a traffic-roaring avenue, his head high to heaven, his beard tucked safely in his vest, and strolls across while the world waits and curses. And he hears them like he hears the Devil.

"Come outside! Laizer! It's a fire! Hear everybody! Come on!" the old woman implored.

If, until he was seventy-one, he never missed a work day as a cabinet maker, 'twas only a common incident like breathing. His lungs breathe for him. Right or not? So please understand that his hands likewise worked for him. Witness how absorbed he is in everyday phenomena, that when he had to travel to work the first day in America, his son described for him how many subway stations to count off and from then on for thirty years it was simply a question of waiting out five stops and then proceeding after the right side of his nose for two blocks.

"Nonsense, where do you see fire? I see smoke, not fire. Smoke does not mean fire. Smoke can mean a kettle boiling. Look how she stands there shaking. What are you shaking for? Do you see fire? I don't." And having bawled her out for her misconceptions, he proceeded to investigate the cause. Opening the door he was staggered by a rush of heavy yellow smoke. He slammed it shut and with a little more speed walked to the windows and flung them wide open. There, below, he saw a mass of people gathering and gaping almost directly at him, and mingled with their cries was the approaching wail of a siren and clanging bells.

He stared for a while and then sat slowly down near the window to think it over. The old woman had run out into the hallway, and he got up and shut the door after her.

Of matters universal, of fire and water, of the sun and the moon, of God and the universe, of the carnate and incarnate—ask him, ask Laizer Koptzen, by God's grace seventy-eight years alive; seventy years a student in the words of God, and the Talmudists, father of eight, grandfather to twenty-one, and watch his eyes light with pride. And sit down to listen while he deliberates in soft even tones with expression owl-wise and cocksure, naïvely positive as only a living anachronism can be.

For quite a while my grandfather Laizer couldn't make up his mind. In the meantime the engines had arrived, and the clamor from the hallway had ceased, and all the noise now came from the street. Yet he could see no fire, only smoke so dense now that his eyes were tearing and his lungs stinging with every inhalation.

Until the flames finally ate their way into the house so he could see them and feel sure they were flames as are flames, he sat and pondered, and then as if he had known all the time that he would have to leave, he quickly gathered up his best silk skull cap, his long shawl, his philacteries, three of his books, and made for the door where he was met by two charging firemen. They grabbed him. He closed his eyes, stopped breathing, and for a time it seemed as if he were being carried through hell itself. So hot it was. He didn't dare look. Not, please understand, that he was frightened. No. Just taken by surprise.

That's how it is with him. Viewing the material from the spiritual pinnacle, my grandfather Laizer fears nothing of matter in any of its forms, man-conceived or nature-fashioned. And for such elemental trivialities as temperature, time, language, location, speed, height, and taking baths, he has an indifferent shrug.

"He who trusts in God and awaits with true faith," he says, "the coming of the Messiah, has of worldly fears, none."

Now he was sitting, the motion ending. Cool, a pleasure. He opened his eyes and beheld with mild concern a burning building, and a mass of people all around him, shouting, laughing, gesticulating. He thought of his Sabbath being so crudely interrupted but like a true philosopher sighed it away, rose to his feet, and walked to the edge of the crowd. There he found a box, and adjusting his skull cap he sat down, and glancing once at the sky to see how far the sun had gone down, he opened one of the books and began to intone softly, detaching himself from earthly things as only he could.

But the immediate world around him was fully enjoying a rare treat. The roof of the building was ablaze like the head of a match stick, and the firemen were putting on a great show of ladders, hatchets, and spouting hoses. More engines arrived and now a news-photographer. Reporters, too, were running about, their press cards in hat ribbons. The story of how the old man was carried out by two firemen went the rounds and soon died out with each new excitement, each new fireman's helmet. Someone sugested finding him. A reporter was interested. But no one bothered to look.

An hour later, the fire was spent, the crowd's interest flickering, exhausted. And in the sky the sun was just beyond the horizon. Engines, spectators began to depart one by one. But one more incident occurred. A giant hook-and-ladder was swinging into the street on its way back, picking up speed, its bell clanging fiercely. Huge, powerful, it charged along, a gleaming red juggernaut, when suddenly with a tremendous grinding squeal it stopped short, the driver, the firemen all cursing a blue streak, their eyes on . . . yes. My grandfather Laizer is crossing in front, his beard in his vest, skull cap shining, his gait slow and untroubled, his eyes toward the darkening sky.

The world waits and swears. My grandfather Laizer, understand me, is well on his way to synagogue.

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Home

By Sam Ross

NICK did not know why his father went away, and without saying a word to him. Of late his father sat around the house without ever talking. He looked like a blownup crumpled paper bag waiting to be banged out of usefulness. The only time he seemed to grow alive was when he coughed. Then his whole body trembled and jerked with what seemed like chains rattling through him. He had gone off one day, his back stooped and round. And he had not returned. Nick had heard him talking to his mother before he had left.

"I'm a dead man," he said.

"You should never have taken that job in the sewer, with your weak chest."

"I had to."

"Every day you worked I saw you getting a hemorrhage in your lungs, and you were gone. It wasn't worth it."

"That was life."

"What do you mean: was?"

"I can't hold out any longer. You'll get some insurance money soon. I took care of that on my last job."

Nick's mother began to cry. Nick was only seven years old and he could not understand why she cried. She had cried a lot lately, and each time he felt himself swimming through her tears, boiling and choking in them.

Nick knew only that his father had a cold. That was why his father always kept him at a distance. But having a cold was nothing to bawl about. Nick had had many. It was practically nothing.

When his father did not return after a week, his mother seemed to wait around the house for something to happen. Whenever there was a knocking on the door she ran to it quickly. If it was a neighbor or a salesman or a bill collector, her eyes lost their expectation and became filmy.

Then his mother began to curse his father when she thought Nick could not hear. It seemed she had been cheated out of something. Nick did not know what.

When the kids on the street asked him about his father he felt bewildered, not knowing what to answer. Finally he said, "He wenna buy me a pony. He wen' far away fum yere for it."

"Jesus!" the kids said. "You got a real ol' man."

He had said that and almost believed in it, he had told the story so many times. But when he had asked his mother, she had yelled, "Don't bother me! Get away and don't bother me!"

And he thought she was going to hit him. He had to stop asking her, because when he did she no longer looked like his mother. She would stop looking big and soft and warm. But he could not help wondering. He wished he was big and knew everything.

One day, not long after his father went away, Nick was hungry. He had not eaten the day before, except for a couple of apples he had hooked from a fruit stand. He was so hungry he sat at the kitchen table waiting. His mother walked restlessly back and forth from the empty pantry. Nick had said he was hungry, and watched her move silently in her sprawling bare feet. Her heavy black hair was uncombed. She looked very big and fleshy in her apron. There was a wrinkled expression on her forehead, like crying, but she wasn't. She sat down at the kitchen table and her eyes gazed upon him without seeing. Finally she stood up and put on a pair of worn, bulging shoes.

"I'm going to get something to eat," she said.

"I'm hungry, ma."

He followed her into the dank stairway. Creaking down the hollow dampened wood, Nick inhaled deeply the faint lingering smells of cooked food.

"It hurts in my belly, ma."

"Soon it won't hurt, I hope."

Outside the sun glazed the dusty street and the trolley rails looked like rippling cellophane ribbons. Niggy and Tony, both a couple of years older than Nick, sat on the curbstone. They were what Nick called the big guys.

"You play with them."

"Awright, ma."

"I'll be back soon. So don't go away."

Nick walked slowly to the curbstone and picked up a rain-soaked stick on the way. He sat down beside them, with his feet in the gutter.

"Where'd yuh ma go?" Tony asked.

"She wenna ged somepin to eat."

"Why doan she go to duh corner grocery like my ma goes?"

"She doan havva do evvyt'ing like your ma."

"Where's she go den?"

"I dunno."

"You're a dumsock. You dunno nuddin'."

"Yuh pa home yet?" Niggy asked.

"No."

"My ma said to my pa he wen' away an' left you," Niggy said.

"He wen' far away fum yere." Nick said. "It takes a year to go up an' back."

"Go on," Tony said. "No place is a year away fum yere."

"Yeah?" Nick said. "What about heaven? Dat's more'n a year."

"Dat's bushwa," Tony said. "Ain' it, Niggy?"

"Sure. 'Cause now you kin go by airplane an' you go like sixty."

"So where'd yuh pa go a year away?" Tony asked.

"In duh West, see. He's a cowboy dere an' when he comes home he's gonna bring me a pony fum dat hoss he got dere."

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"I dunno," Niggy said. " 'Cause in my house my ma looks at my pa an' she begins trowin' her fist aroun' an' she says: doan ever lemme catch you tryin' to leave. An' my pa says: doan go givin' me idees. Yeah? my ma says."

"Your ma an' pa muzz be nuts," Nick said.

"I'll kill yuh, yuh say dat again," Niggy said.

"Yuh can't hit a baby like dat," Tony said.

"He gotta take back what he said."

"Go on," Tony said. "Do it."

Niggy was standing and his knuckles were white and from under his baseball cap his eyes glowered.

"I take it back," Nick said.

"Yuh better," Niggy said. His body relaxed and he sat down again.

An automobile whizzed by and Nick was glad. Tony was excited and said it was a Packard. He could tell by the radiator frame which shone like a diamond in the sun, and by the red spinning square on the hub cap. Niggy thought, how could Tony know? He had never seen one before. But Tony said Vince Venuti, the best wheelman in the world which no cop-car can catch, drove one. Niggy said that was right, and bragged how he saw Vince turn corners on two wheels with the cops right behind him. Nick was awed, hearing about Vince Venuti and about seeing a Packard for the first time. Niggy and Tony decided to see who was a better guesser of automobiles. Niggy and Tony bet thousands of dollars guessing, and Nick envied them.

When they tired of their game they took Nick's stick and threw it on the trolley tracks. Niggy said maybe the stick would make the car fall over. Jesus, what fun that would be! Nick was grateful for being allowed to get in the game, but was soon sorry when the trolley-car wheels splintered his stick to pieces. Niggy and Tony were a couple of dirty guys. Go on, punk, they said yuh ought to be lucky we let you hang around.

As they were urging Nick to find them a big board or a brick, his mother came down the street with a few bags of groceries pressed against her big breasts. There was a splotch upon her dress.

"Here comes your ma," Niggy said.

"Hey, Nick, what'd yer ol' lady do?"

"Where, Tony?"

"Dere, Niggy. Dere. See."

"Yeah, Nick, what'd she do?"

Niggy and Tony jigged up and down, laughing and pointing at Nick's mother.

"Jesus, it looks like, ho, ha, ha!"

"Haw, ha."

"Oh, what'd yer ol' lady do?"

"Nicky," she called. "Come here."

Nick was bewildered. Niggy and Tony were embracing their bellies, singing, taunting, "Shame on Nicky's mudder, shame on Nicky's mudder."

"Come here, Nicky!"

He walked to her side. Up the stairs she kept muttering, "Little snots, little snots."

In the house she became silent and busied herself in the kitchen. Nick kept looking at her dress as she moved about. He wanted to ask her what was there but was afraid she would not look like his mother. But the food was good and he forgot about everything and his mother was big and soft and warm. He jumped on her lap and felt her breast soften under his head, and when he looked up her eyes were watery and he felt himself strained through her tears and flowing within her breasts.

That night he went to sleep on the couch in the living-room, which was next to the bedroom and off the kitchen. He was suddenly awakened by loud knocks on the door. He saw his mother's naked body bulge from the darkness.

"Who's there?" she whispered.

"It's Mike!"

"Please go away. It's too late."

"Lemme in!"

Nick thought the door was going to whang to the floor, such hard knocking followed. She ran to the couch and he squeezed his eyes tight. He was afraid to breathe. Then as he lay there stiff and tense against the bulgy cushions, he could hear his mother saying shhh, and her feet hissing across the bare floor, and the man saying, "Whatsa matter? You don't like to eat no more?"

He heard the door to his mother's room close, then talk, then no more words, just heavy groaning and breathing, and he fell asleep in the hush that followed. He awoke feeling a smile on his cheeks after dreaming his father was back, who was also his big brother, and he ran into his mother's room. And it was his father there, he was so happy, until he heard the voice.

"What's the kid doin' here? Beat it."

Nick stood there in the darkness.

"Go back to sleep, Nicky," his mother said quietly.

He walked out and dressed and ran outside and walked in the yellow-orbed streets and finally slumped into a store entrance. He was awakened by a policeman lifting him to his feet.

"What you doin' here, sonny?"

Nick did not answer. He rubbed his eyes with his dirty hands. His eyes looked feverish and frightened.

"What's the matter, boy, you dumb?"

Nick nodded.

"You lost?"

Nick shook his head.

"Where do you live?"

"Home."

"Where's home?"

"Dunno."

"You ain't got a home, sonny. Tell me."

"Hones' I got one."

"If I don't take you home, I got to take you to jail."

"I kin go myse'f home."

"I'll take you."

The policeman followed him. Nick did not want to go home. He saw Niggy and Tony, and he could not go back. He did not want the cop to go up to his house. Somebody was going to get in trouble. Then he forgot where he lived. No matter what the policeman asked, Nick did not know anything. When Nick began to cry the policeman said he shouldn't be afraid of being lost. He wanted to help Nick. Nick felt tears on his cheeks, and tasted them. When the squad car came, Nick got in.

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Street Songs of Children

Collected by Fred Rolland

AMERICAN folklore of cities, villages, and farms finds vivid and often delightful utterance in the rhymes of their children. Those rhymes, enriched by contributions of an endless line of immigrants, have been remodeled by succeeding generations of youngsters, and we find them today an entertaining and revealing mixture of tradition and modernization. Language to a child is synonymous with action. These are rhymes which require dramatic explanation through game, dance, or burlesque. The child's naïve representation of the conventions and actions of his elders often produces a rollicking, if unconscious, satire.

All poetry, to live, must be not only universal in content but also a repercussion of the age in which it was created. These rhymes of childhood have passed a stern test in being accepted by succeeding generations. They have been modified, of course, and therein lies much of their interest. We find innumerable versions of any one rhyme, and, in tracing its changes, we discover an authentic comment upon the changes in our society. The twentieth-century child who proclaims that he "won't go to Macy's any more, more, more" is already voicing his protest, superficial but indicative.

These jingles are a product of group fraternization, amended, adapted, and accepted by collective approval. They come from sidewalks, back alleys, playgrounds, and playstreets, the folklore of the children of America.—F. R.

Down in the meadow where the green grass grows,
There sat Glory along the road,
She sang, and she sang, and she sang so sweet,
Along came a fellow and kissed her on the cheek,
  Oh Glory, oh Glory, you ought to be ashamed
  To marry a fellow without a name!
  When you are sick, he'll put you to bed,
  Call for the doctor before you are dead!
    In comes the doctor
    In comes the nurse
    In comes the priest
    With a high, high hat.
      Out goes the doctor
      Out goes the nurse
      Out goes the priest
      With the high, high hat.

Old Aunt Marie, she jumped into the fire.
The fire was so hot, she jumped into the pot.
The pot was so black, she jumped into the crack.
The crack was so narrow, she jumped into the marrow.
The marrow was so rotten, she jumped into the cotton.
The cotton was so white, she stayed there all night.

Minnie and a Minnie and a hot-cha-cha!
Minnie kissed a fellow in a Broadway car.
I'll tell Ma, you'll tell Pa
Minnie and a hot-cha-cha!

Eeny, meeny, mony, mike,
New York subway strike.
Have it, frost it
Ack-awack a-wee woe wack!

Nine o'clock is striking
Mother may I go out?
The butcher boy is waiting
For to take me out.
  I'd rather kiss the butcher boy
  On the second floor
  Than kiss the ice man
  Behind the kitchen door.

Kiss me cute
Kiss me cunning
Kiss me quick
My mommie's coming!

Brass shines, so does tin;
The way I love you is a sin.

The Brooklyn girls are tough
The Brooklyn girls are smart,
But it takes a New York girl
To break a fellow's heart!

House to let
Inquire within.
A lady got put out
For drinking gin.
If she promises to drink no more
Here's the key to Mary's door!

F and K is out on strike,
We will picket and we'll shout
Don't buy! Don't buy!
  Don't believe the bosses' lies!
  Don't buy scab merchandise!
Scabbing is an awful sin
Help us fight and we will win!

I won't go to Macy's any more, more, more!
I won't go to Macy's any more, more, more!
There's a big fat policeman at the door, door, door!
He will squeeze me like a lemon
Achalachke zol em nehmen,
I won't go to Macy's any more, more, more!

My mother, your mother live across the way
514 East Broadway.
Every night they have a fight
And this is what they say:
  Your old man is a dirty old man;
  He washes his face with the frying pan;
  He combs his hair with the leg of a chair;
  Your old man is a dirty old man!

Gypsy, gypsy lives in a tent!
Gypsy, gypsy couldn't pay rent!
She borrowed one.
She borrowed two.
And out goes Y-O-U!

One, two, three, four
Charlie Chaplin went to war.
When the war began to fight,
Charlie Chaplin said, "Good night!"

Oi sweet mamma! Oi sweet mamma!
I'd like to see your nightie, next to my pajama.
Now don't get excited, don't get red;
I mean on the clothes-line and not in bed.

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She Snaps Back Into Harness

By Ruth Widén

MRS. PENDEXTER watched thousands of snowflakes a minute going down, down, down. One more doesn't make any difference, I suppose. Do they know they're going down and that it's inevitable, or are they unconscious? They look happy about it, somehow. Suppose just one of the snowflakes had feelings and consciousness and knew what was happening, and all the others didn't know; how would that be? One being able to see and feel and know what was happening, in the middle of a crowd of flakes that didn't know, couldn't see. They surround you and you can't tell them anything; they cover up everything with smooth platitudes and then you are alone and nobody understands. You are supposed not to be suffering. To be doing everything gladly. If you admitted you were doing it under protest, because it had to be done but you didn't like it, if you screamed aloud or even complained a little, it wouldn't be . . . what's the word? *What* would be wrong with it? Well anyway it would be wrong. If some stranger messes up your life you have a claim against him. If your own people, those closest to you, mess up your life . . .

Mrs. Pendexter smiled. When she gave birth to Henry he nearly killed her. That was different, somehow. If Henry had killed her she'd have forgiven him, he couldn't help it. It was part of the game, she even liked him a little better for it. When she lay in bed in the hospital, as Calvin was lying in the hospital now, hardly conscious, Calvin had bent over her with his lips pressed tight together and promised everything she wanted. Not too much money. When they got a certain amount they'd begin to use it to enjoy themselves. Travel around the world, never mind about piling up more. *That* would have been something, wouldn't it? Instead of salting all the money away in real estate, so that life was just one procession of mortgages coming due. Well, it's what all the rest of them do, it's the accepted conservative theory of what to do with your money. There was Calvin bright-eyed and cocksure, lecturing her: You see Mrs. Pendexter, I am taking care of your future; I am seeing to it that you will have an income in your old age, after I am gone, if I should go first. Well, he had the backing of accepted conservative theory so what could she say? Tie up your money where nobody can get at it (where you can't even get at it yourself). Then there's the feminine feeling that a man must be right. Should have put up a bigger fight, maybe, but what can you do?

It's too late now, said Mrs. Pendexter. Of course a man who's that hard with himself expects others to be just as ascetic as he is. He wasn't ascetic, though; he liked work and he didn't like leisure, that was the whole size of it. When he did go to Europe he made work out of it. Didn't see anything that wasn't in the guide book. It was really a great bore to him, going to Europe, he was thinking about his business all the time. But all his life he used to go around to the auction rooms, that was his recreation, that was his hobby. Defended it on the ground that he was really investing money, but it was his hobby all the same. Then he couldn't see that other people might have different hobbies, Henry, for instance. The boy hadn't ever had any interest in working long hours in the office. Calvin thought his oldest son had to go through the same course that he did. All right if his course had worked out right for him, but you see now . . . At any rate it hadn't worked out well for Henry, even at the beginning. And yet even when the doctor had said it was a nervous breakdown, his father had insisted it wasn't. The boy just doesn't want to work, that's all. I'll show him. . . . She *did* step in there, showing she could fight for her son's rights even if not her own. Took Henry away for a year. You can do things for your children and people sympathize, but not if you're doing it for yourself. But what about these women you read about, who get jewels and dresses and squander their husbands' money? Oh well, you have to be beautiful for that, and have a shape that looks like oo-la-la, not like an old flour sack tied in the middle.

When Calvin was forty he said very loudly, we're middle-aged now. Insisted on wearing glasses. Nothing whatever wrong with his eyes, but he put the glasses on just the same and made his eyes like it. He said, well, mother, we're too old for sex now. Thought I'd beg and plead, I suppose. We're too old for such nonsense, mother. All right, it suits me, you can do as you like (I've been sleeping with a log of wood anyway for twenty-two years, in case anyone should ask you). He'd do as he liked anyway and a lot I'd have to say about it. Always that assumption that I had no sense and needed to be directed, by *him*. He knew what was best for me. Well, this is the way it's turned out. I followed the thing out to the end and this is the end, this. This.

Mrs. Pendexter, he'd say, very oracularly, you ought to be grateful you have everything so easy here. Suppose you had to go out into the world and earn your own living, what would you do? That made me mad. Why suppose *he* had to go out into the employment market and hire a cook and a nurse and a housekeeper and all the rest of it? But he was always throwing that up to me. I've earned my own living, I've earned it over and over and over again. Suppose you had to go out into the world, Mrs. Pendexter, against the competition of younger women, and make your way. . . . Oh, well.

Mrs. Pendexter turned away from the window. It was too dark now even to see the snow coming down. The room was brightly lighted and the Chinese rug on the wall cast a warm blue glow. The rug was bought in China. The scarf on the other wall in India. Wonderful how much trouble they go to when they're mak-

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ing something beautiful. The chairs were Louis XV. The plate was Spode. Books of old lithographs in the bookcase. Mrs. Pendexter sank into a *chaise longue,* easing her feet. A comfortable blankness settled around her mind. If.

Must take brown dress to the cleaner's, it's a disgrace. Can't wear it again. If.

Think about something pleasant. . . . When I went to China that time I wanted to stay, wanted to look into things. Sampans. Queer houses. Smell of fried fish in the bazaars, oh, those bazaars. People and people and people. Like to know more about them, maybe they have a better way of doing things than we have, who knows? Even if they do look so poor. If.

Think about something pleasant—to live just in a hut in the woods somewhere and not have to think about anything. Could do it all right, the children are all grown up now and don't need me, nobody needs me except. . . .

Calvin. In the hospital his face was as white as his hair. He didn't know anything was the matter with him, tried to get up while I was there. Very angry at being restrained. If he got up and started for New York again he'd never get there, they say. They get that way, optimistic, think everything's fine, they're sitting on top of the world; and all the time they're—disintegrating.

He never told me about it. It must have been ten or fifteen years ago. Was it that time when he was going regularly to Dr. Galt for . . . anæmia, I think he told me? Mary was having her first baby and I didn't think very much about him at the time. He must have started in before that. Started in. He used to twit me with being jealous. I can see lots of things now. Trouble is, I wasn't jealous enough. We're too old for that nonsense now, mother. He kept on being attractive right along, his skin like a baby's even if his hair and mustache were white.

Trouble is I took the whole thing seriously, duty and all that. He was always preaching it to me. I could have . . .

Oh well. What's over is over. Mulling over the past this way won't help me to face the future. Better get a male nurse in case he might get violent, a woman wouldn't be able to handle him. Forty-five dollars a week and board for a nurse. I am taking care of your future, Mrs. Pendexter. I am seeing to it that when I pass away . . .

Think of something cheerful. Once there was a white moonlight in a garden and the younger people were dancing inside, where it was hot and sticky, but outside it was cool and there was the smell of many flowers, and then suddenly he took my face in his hands and said . . .

But I took things too seriously in those days. I told him I wouldn't stand for any such thing. I told him I was a married woman and had time only for my husband and children. And his face was white in the silver moonlight and he looked, oh, so disappointed. And I went back into the garden on another night but he wasn't there and it didn't seem the same.

Wonder if Calvin felt the same with the woman who . . .

But really it was terribly stupid of me not to smell some kind of a rat when he wouldn't permit me to go back into my own New York apartment after spending the whole summer away. And this woman must have been there all the time. Sleeping in my bed. Using the chinaware Mary gave me for Christmas. When they asked her for the rent she said, as brazen as brass, Mr. Pendexter always paid her rent for her. Henry told her, I don't know anything about that, madam, I'm here as the representative of the Pendexter Realty Corporation and I'm here to collect a month's rent. Then she had the nerve to ask to be put into touch with him. . . .

That was after the breakdown. He went to the hospital the day after. Getting him back here was the real job, after he'd been down in New York doing all those wild and crazy things. Then it all came out. But the first I knew about it was when Henry telephoned from New York. I took the first train. . . .

Oh well, pity yourself, do. Sitting here whining like an old woman. Threescore years and ten. Nine years more. Everybody has troubles. Mrs. Johnson and her drunken husband. Calvin didn't drink. I've had good health all my lifetime. What do other people do when life up and smacks them? Nice to believe in a rosy pink heaven full of cherubs and such, where you're going when you die. Or that your sacrifices are pleasing to God, or to Jesus, or to somebody—that somebody sees them, anyway. Wonder if it's true? If there's a God around anywhere, why does he let things like this happen? Maybe he likes to see us suffer. If there's a God, he's always right—always right. And we're always in the wrong. He likes that, and says, you ought to be

Most of the good things that have been done for us grateful, Mrs. Pendexter. . .

have been done by science. Of course they can't do anything about the degeneration that's already taken place, but they put a stop to it so there won't be any more. If they couldn't do that, Calvin would hardly live a year longer. As it is, he may live ten years, even fifteen, the doctor said. Of course I was glad. When you get to be old, of course it's problematical how much longer you've got to live, but of course we must all live as long as we can. I might not live much longer than that myself. Science is very wonderful.

Nine years . . . threescore years and ten. Have to take care of all our properties so as to pass them on to the children. They're grown up—why can't they manage the properties themselves and I can just take out enough to live on? I don't need much. Forty-five dollars a week and board for a nurse. I'll take the forty-five dollars and let the board go. A little house somewhere, and peace and quiet. For nine years, or whatever. If. If Calvin. If Calvin would . . .

The doctor was a young man and when he told me about Calvin he was smiling. You'll be glad to know, Mrs. Pendexter, that we can save your husband. We can arrest the degeneration. Recent discovery. Even five years ago, we couldn't. He'd have had a year to live at the most. Nice handsome young doctor, some mother's proud of him somewhere. You'll be glad to know, Mrs. Pendexter.

Well, I *am* glad.

Mrs. Pendexter rose from the *chaise longue,* turned out the lights and went to bed.

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A FEDERAL POETRY ANTHOLOGY

And Now: The Moon—

(For Lynette and Teall Messer)

Where buzzard's curve rinds the circuited earth with death,
and snag-tooth buzzard's pines stand gauntly shriven of
their worth; where buzzard's shadow was
on twilit earth and buzzards' beaks were

at the sprawling flanks of sickened deer, it is not
shadow of the night that weighs the heart;
the night is lifted by the stars, but not
the news of war that is heart's agony and thorny wreath.

Where feet step live on earth that hangs in time
leaflike in rising din of wind, the sickness of the flesh
is dying, steps mortally on mortal earth,
immortally toward death.

Now up from pines, now up above the buzzard's perch,
bear-cave, the lion's lair and news of war:
the moon!
who rises from rocks and bristling, blackened pines

as one who rises from the stone, the lash, and
martyrs' rack, for love.
Ah, moon—engentler of sleep
of gentle birds, ah moon, why risest thou?

The hot air whirs with fleshless wings.
The hot air whirs though buzzards sleep: the heart of man
swarms like a cloud of locusts toward the war.
Why heal the night with whiteness? with sleep

the lion's cave,—as since
were healed the graves of war, with fields
for other wars?
—Ah, moon: why risest thou?

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.

New Objectives, New Cadres

Grown for fear and fattened into groaning,
the clawed eyelid or the crushed flower stalk
or the undeviating lockstep,
the inert incurious onanist,
the rubicund practical prankster,
we wake never in this dispensation,
for them or their inchoate brethren.
We watch imaginary just men,
nude as rose petals, discussing a purer logic
in bright functionalist future gymnasia
high in the snows of Mt. Lenin
beside a collectivist ocean.
But see around the corner in the bare bulblight,
in a desquamate bedroom,
he who sits in his socks reading shockers,
skinning cigarette butts and rerolling them in toilet paper.
His red eyes never leave the blotted print and pulp paper.
He rose too late to distribute the leaflets.
In the midst of mussed bedding have mercy
upon him, this is history.
Or see the arch dialectic satyriast,
miners' wives and social workers
rapt in a bated circle about him,
drawing pointless incisive diagrams
on a blackboard, barking
ominously with a winey timbre,
clarifying constant and variable capital,
his subconscious painfully threading its way
through future slippery assignations.
We do not need his confessions.
The future is more fecund than Marian Bloom.
The problem is to control history,
We already understand it.

KENNETH REXROTH.

You

This day is radiant with light
and as clear. Listen, this day
is *you* and makes love to me.
My lips fanned by chromatic winds
released from clashing poplars;
so amorous this kiss,
my lungs are big with it.
This ardent scent of leaves
is of *your* hair and my lips on it.
And almost do I fear to tread
the ground soft as the earth
in whose deep body I am lost.
And I saw the clear love of your eyes:
the white poise of gulls
in the light of the lake,
the sky, stone blue, falling on it.
This day disturbs my blood
with subtle fury;
and all my hunger's song
is vocal; and that is *you* again.

WILLIAM PILLIN.

Multiple River

(For Hart Crane)

But span us closer, O intrusive seeker
whose course in definition floods the phrase.
Moments caressing rock foretell your passage.
The alluvial heart is gullied to your praise.

For we have been happiest creating a wide river
beyond all harbors and the seaward tomb,
bearing the spirit's traffic like a message
through time emergent from a timeless womb.

Between the stranger man, our stranger eyes,
flowing in ample love through outstretched shores,

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your ineluctable, swift, inundate courage
in silence rolls to strength, in thunder roars.

And if the sound swell perilous in his ear
let him spew forth what he has cupped of splendor,
such tidings as consign his love to clay.
He is impoverished of a great surrender.

But we who freight such cargoes as are borne
to destinations spacious with our yearning
forthbless our mutual currents to discharge
eternal voyage, proud and unreturning.

LOLA PERGAMENT.

Your Move

It comes to this
to this and no other crisis or deadlock at the unforseen hour
no longer disguised, with none above the
hazards, nor anywhere away

Comes to this
as armies march and cities burn
perhaps as checkerboards of light rise quietly, here,
to the evening sky

That every hazard comes, at last, to an end
and it comes to this: the scalpel or the grave
rags, or music, or an unforeseen change to this
unforeseen life and no other life

One gone mad in the sunlit park
one in a private chamber of horrors unmoved and another
untouched in a world of wolves
here, as the tissues have been displaced, the
feelings changed, the beliefs revised
then those who conform to the seasons
and survive the office clock
and the few who do not eat
and sleep and breathe to
stay alive

And it comes to this
this, the return
this, the reward
this in exchange for the much or little
or little so often and so
carefully planned

Lock the windows, it comes to this
it comes to this, impound the lies and foreclose upon the truth
subpoena the future, sublet the living and sue the
dead, it comes to this

As time, time, time still slips between the fingers and flows along the veins
time after time it comes to this
comes to this, it is a question of time

Time after time
this
this and no other unforeseen way.

KENNETH FEARING.

Parade

Thinking of May Day when
Continents rush together
And there is only one sky. . . .

I give you leaflets,
Winged
Tickets to
Some future date.

Big value here,
Cash them
In your strength,
Workers!

Thinking of May Day,
Of parades
Moving like history,
Those in back
Must run to keep up——

The vanguard
Marches in Moscow.

All day long
Workers with monstrous mustaches,
Passes in their hands
To ride seven miles,
Smiling.

Thinking of May Day and
"The most beautiful subway
In the world."

H. R. HAYS.

Evening Land

Appropriate that the setting should be Gothic,
the last, by the gray cathedral there, the winter
river concordant and the cruel wind—yes,
cruel with time as well as season, purposive.

Another day, and that dead, the decor more innocent,
a backdrop sylvan, waterfall, enduring mountains,
the wind again, brighter, and the dissembled earth
outspread, man and his tremoring unseen.

Observe these courses germinal, you in your valley,
cushioned and fertile, giving what you have gotten,
returning what you took, and the fat product
of the graceful lazy years your garlanding.

Ordained that the difference would accrue,
the date given, the performance going on,
scheduled, the actors emerging in perfect mask,
knowing step, gesture, and each word by rote.

Yes, lines and business written, movement
directed, improvisation forbidden, props

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supplied, the mystery only in the matter
of which character is minor to a major role.

Remember the mummies in the crypt, charmed
beyond expectation, their pious hands folded,
their surprise and, preserved wonderfully
among the withered whole, their savage lips?

CHARLES HUDEBERG.

While Love as Ancient as the Bird

For those who conjured colored hills,
Rock-ore and crystal, bird-loud air,
Night-moth, sea-thud, wave-bells
Framed delicate for lovers' ears,

Lockets lost and perfume spilled,
The whiskey drunk, the evening spent
In carousal, lovers felled
Before death's violent argument,

The freezing night unfolds the year,
And Christopher and Edward part,
Scrap-iron loaded at the pier,
Death-rays lay waste the living heart.

Struck from the blood, burned from thought,
Fern-shudder and the neon moon,
The phosphorous clock, the wire light
That set the fire to the tune,

And foreign sparrows in the park
Sing no more like nightingales.
Before the falling snow and dark
Yachtsmen fold the summer sails.

The water snake, the leaf's small sound,
The swift desire of the tongue,
Locked in sky and winter ground
Where all lovely things belong.

Bury deep, trample hard,
Be acid on the cheek and mouth,
While love as ancient as the bird
Seeks arctics now beyond the south.

WILLARD MAAS.

Non stanno sanza guerra

It was on the second floor, once part of a bedroom
of a Portinari, frugal, but retentive
of six centuries of brains and emotions
overlooking Florence: it was October, clear
edge of the visible in weighted air,
cool stone tempering the heat.
And the Marchese stood
pointing at Africa across the graveled garden
as if it were a lion
and he in Africa and Africa a dead lion
defeated, to be dismembered, to be divided.
He had a bald Hapsburg lip he used for an index
in these matters. And spent the afternoon
at Bastianini's, Piazza Donatello,
sketching a nude with beads, and Bastianini
sketching the Marchesa, Piazza Independenza.

A lira for the washwoman
would buy her baby an orange,
but the Widow Schwaner says
that this corrupts the servants
and disrupts neighborly feelings,
as she closes all the shutters
and pulls down all the blinds
to keep the sun from the intaglio
and the dust from the putto.

DOROTHY VAN GHENT.

Musical Praise of Preparations

Fine food in Arabia
Can be used while trains are near
And a camel sleeps. This food can be eaten
At a time when people clothed in white
And girt with black belts
Walk rather close to trees
This food has red in it,
And a touch of yellow:
But is mostly dark—
Something like black.
Possibilities of Arabia,
Be sung; let this possibility and that
Be furiously hymned;
Be acclaimed with great, luxurious, pleasing melody.
Tremendously fine and delighting notes,
Be employed in greeting musically
Products of Arabia,
Commodities to be eaten there.
Shall I say: More music in Arabia
For the purpose of praising by sound,
Growths, preparations there.

ELI SIEGEL.

The Literary Front

A Fragment

More power, you young Isaiahs who have come . . .
to sing the crash of systems and the song
of girders rising out of lost débris.

For a poem is either the man within a man,
the life within the living or it is
like any corpse, like every corpse,
alone.

More power to you, O word workers! Sing to us now
and even in desperate days we shall never lose
the rhythms, primed like high-pressured pumps
with the health, the jargon, gesture, and the laugh
of useful people in their industry . . .
make us remember even in picnic times
the homeless and the jobless and the lynched.

A. T. ROSEN.

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In a Home Relief Bureau

So it has come to this
In spite of everything it has come to this
This that did not figure in your dreams
This that had no place within your pride
Or when you labored to perfect your private schemes
A morning now like this when you would stand
A morning now like this public and ashamed
In the broken sunlight of a children's grammar school
Trying so hard to understand
Trying to grasp how it could happen to you
Trying to understand how this that could not happen
And seemed somehow always less than true
Has happened now at last to you.

That virgin's face before you
That face that shifts and tames its cold distaste
That thin nose saddled with distrustful glasses
Which invent smells, decays, dirt
That charity which is careful of its tweed skirt
Its polished hands, its manners, its uptown grace,
It does not recognize, accept, pity, or distinguish
Between these faces here and your face
Between their beggary and yours
Between their humiliated eyes and yours.
Neither this virgin's face soured over slums
Nor the faces of the guards who guard the doors
Nor that face glimpsed beyond the hall
Which waits for a scream, a shouted word, the spit of hate,
Which is alert to call
The riot wagons we are all aware of, wait.

And the minutes. And the hours.
But you have time to wait
Now there is nothing left you have but time.
What you were when you were not this
What you were before time brought you down to this
(Before the last policy was cashed
Before the last ring was pawned)
Now you have time enough to recall.
Think now of the profit and the pride
The ambition fed in furnished rooms
The nails kept clean against the imagined day.
The pressed suit, the manner honest and assured,
The undeceitful face,
Survives for this that once was not to be endured,
This charity, this disgrace.

To be signed. To be filed away.
To be referred to later by a girl or clerk.
To be remembered every day
To be remembered with the potatoes and the meat
With the canned milk and the landlord's knock
By that Italian combing his graying hair
By the aproned housewife with the kid in her arms
By the tired Jew in the interviewer's chair.
Age. Religion. Weight. Experience. Sex.
What once we were, what we have been is there
For the virgin to paw, for the faces frozen in smiles,
For a senator's speech, for a caught vote
To quiet the children when they scream
To keep the bones from breaking through the skin
To nourish what is left to us of life
This or the streets
This or the gas
This or a rope
This or a knife.

ALFRED HAYES.

Mister Fredricks

The slowly sifting rain disturbs
Mister Fredricks' business smile,
and near the cars that line the curb
pickets march in single file.

Mister Fredricks twists his lips
listening to a striker shout;
he turns to watch a woman's hips,
and goes to sell his partner out.

WELDON KEES.

Journey Home

Their bicycle tires sing
along soft wet road
whirling around curves
lingering beneath trees.

. . . the smell . . . the smell
of greening bark, and
small rain in the grass . . .

Intimately the houses
spill yellow light at nightfall,
across the narrow road
on wet and shining clay.

. . . so quiet . . .

Hurrying now!
These two and the rain.

OPAL SHANNON.

Feminist

She was a freckled bloomer-girl, she cried
That corsets, bustles, petticoats were weird.
Her mother swooned and thought of suicide.
Her father shrank into a pensive beard.
Old friends predicted ruin when she smoked
In public, roller-skated through the town.
She married a young poet who provoked
Laughter by walking in a Grecian gown.

Grandmother now she watches, with soft manners,
A young grand-daughter, ribboned and sedate,
Handing out leaflets, marching under banners
Proclaiming "Down with Fascist War and Hate."
And turning to her husband, worn and grave,
She cries: "All that *we* did was *misbehave.*"

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

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Bright and Morning Star

(*Continued from page 99*)

swung through the night outside. She heard Reva sobbing.

"Hush, honey!"

"Mah brothers in jail too! Ma cries ever day . . . "

"Ah know, honey."

She helped Reva with her coat; her fingers felt the scant flesh of the girl's shoulders. She don git ernuff t eat, she thought. She slipped her arms around Reva's waist and held her close for a moment.

"Now, yuh stop tha cryin."

"A-a-ah c-c-cant hep it. . . ."

"Everythingll be awright; Johnny-Boyll be back."

"Yuh think so?"

"Sho, chile. Cos he will."

Neither of them spoke again until they stood in the doorway. Outside they could hear water washing through the ruts of the street.

"Be sho n send Johnny-Boy t tell the folks t stay erway from pas house," said Reva.

"Ahll tell im. Don yuh worry."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

Leaning against the door jamb, she shook her head slowly and watched Reva vanish through the falling rain.

II

SHE was back at her board, ironing, when she heard feet sucking in the mud of the back yard; feet she knew from long years of listening were Johnny-Boy's. But tonight with all the rain and fear his coming was like a leaving, was almost more than she could bear. Tears welled to her eyes and she blinked them away. She felt that he was coming so that she could give him up; to see him now was to say good-bye. But it was a good-bye she knew she could never say; they were not that way toward each other. All day long they could sit in the same room and not speak; she was his mother and he was her son; most of the time a nod or a grunt would carry all the meaning that she wanted to say to him, or he to her.

She did not even turn her head when she heard him come stomping into the kitchen. She heard him pull up a chair, sit, sigh, and draw off his muddy shoes; they fell to the floor with heavy thuds. Soon the kitchen was full of the scent of his drying socks and his burning pipe. Tha boys hongry! She paused and looked at him over her shoulder; he was puffing at his pipe with his head tilted back and his feet propped up on the edge of the stove; his eyelids drooped and his wet clothes steamed from the heat of the fire. Lawd, tha boy gits mo like his pa ever day he lives, she mused, her lips breaking in a faint smile. Hols tha pipe in his mouth jus like his pa usta hol his. Wondah how they woulda got erlong ef his pa hada lived? They oughta liked each other, they so mucha like. She wished there could have been other children besides Sug, so Johnny-Boy would not have to be so much alone. A man needs a woman by his side. . . . She thought of Reva; she liked Reva; the brightest glow her heart had ever known was when she had learned that Reva loved Johnny-Boy. But beyond Reva were cold white faces. Ef theys caught it means *death*. . . . She jerked around when she heard Johnny-Boy's pipe clatter to the floor. She saw him pick it up, smile sheepishly at her, and wag his head.

"Gawd, Ahm sleepy," he mumbled.

She got a pillow from her room and gave it to him.

"Here," she said.

"Hunh," he said, putting the pillow between his head and the back of the chair.

They were silent again. Yes, she would have to tell him to go back out into the cold rain and slop; maybe to get caught; maybe for the last time; she didn't know. But she would let him eat and get dry before telling him that the sheriff knew of the meeting to be held at Lem's tomorrow. And she would make him take a big dose of soda before he went out; soda always helped to stave off a cold. She looked at the clock. It was eleven. Theres time yit. Spreading a newspaper on the apron of the stove, she placed a heaping plate of greens upon it, a knife, a fork, a cup of coffee, a slab of cornbread, and a dish of peach cobbler.

"Yo suppahs ready," she said.

"Yeah," he said.

He did not move. She ironed again. Presently, she heard him eating. When she could no longer hear his knife tinkling against the edge of the plate, she knew he was through. It was almost twelve now. She would let him rest a little while longer before she told him. Till one er'clock, mabbe. Hes so tired. . . . She finished her ironing, put away the board, and stacked the clothes in her dresser drawer. She poured herself a cup of coffee, drew up a chair, sat, and drank.

"Yuh almos dry," she said, not looking around.

"Yeah," he said, turning sharply to her.

The tone of voice in which she had spoken let him know that more was coming. She drained her cup and waited a moment longer.

"Reva wuz here."

"Yeah?"

"She lef bout a hour ergo."

"Whut she say?"

"She said ol man Lem hada visit from the sheriff today."

"Bout the meetin?"

"Yeah."

She saw him stare at the coals glowing red through the crevices of the stove and run his fingers nervously through his hair. She knew he was wondering how the sheriff had found out. In the silence he would ask a wordless question and in the silence she would answer wordlessly. Johnny-Boys too trustin, she thought. Hes tryin t make the party big n hes takin in folks fastern he kin git t know em. You cant trust ever white man yuh meet. . . .

"Yuh know, Johnny-Boy, yuh been takin in a lotta them white folks lately . . ."

"Aw, ma!"

"But, Johnny-Boy . . ."

"Please, don talk t me bout tha now, ma."

"Yuh ain t ol t lissen n learn, son," she said.

"Ah know whut yuh gonna say, ma. N yuh wrong. Yuh cant judge folks jus by how yuh feel bout em n by how long yuh done knowed em. Ef we start tha we wouldnt have *no*body in the party. When folks pledge they word t be with us, then we gotta take em in. Wes too weak t be choosy."

He rose abruptly, rammed his hands into his pockets, and stood facing the window; she looked at his back in a long silence. She knew his faith; it was deep. He had always said that black men could not fight the rich bosses alone; a man could not fight with every hand against him. But he believes so hard hes blind, she thought. At odd times they had had these arguments before; always she would be pitting her feelings against the hard necessity of his thinking, and always she would lose. She shook her head. Po Johnny-Boy; he don know . . .

"But ain nona our folks tol, Johnny-Boy," she said.

"How yuh know?" he asked. His voice came low and with a tinge of anger. He still faced the window and now and then the yellow blade of light flicked across the sharp outline of his black face.

"Cause Ah know em," she said.

"*Any*body mighta tol," he said.

"It wuznt nona *our* folks," she said again.

She saw his hand sweep in a swift arc of disgust.

"*Our* folks! Ma, who in Gawds name is *our* folks?"

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"The folks we wuz born n raised wid, son. The folks we *know!*"

"We cant make the party grow tha way, ma."

"It mighta been Booker," she said.

"Yuh don know."

". . . er Blattberg . . ."

"Fer Chrissakes!"

". . . er any of the fo-five others whut joined las week."

"Ma, yuh jus don wan me t go out tonight," he said.

"Yo ol ma wans yuh t be careful, son."

"Ma, when yuh start doubtin folks in the party, then there ain no end."

"Son, Ah knows ever black man n woman in this parta the county," she said, standing too. "Ah watched em grow up; Ah even heped birth n nurse some of em; Ah knows em *all* from way back. There ain none of em tha *coulda* tol! The folks Ah know jus don open they dos n ast death t walk in! Son, it wuz some of them white folks! Yuh jus mark mah word!"

"Why is it gotta be *white* folks?" he asked. "Ef they tol, then theys jus Judases, thas all."

"Son, look at whuts befo yuh."

He shook his head and sighed.

"Ma, Ah done tol yuh a hundred times Ah cant see white n Ah cant see black," he said. "Ah sees rich men n Ah sees po men."

She picked up his dirty dishes and piled them in a pan. Out of the corners of her eyes she saw him sit and pull on his wet shoes. Hes goin! When she put the last dish away he was standing fully dressed, warming his hands over the stove. Just a few mo minutes now n he'll be gone, like Sug, mabbe. Her throat swelled. This black mans fight takes *ever*thing! Looks like Gawd put us in this worl jus t beat us down!

"Keep this, ma," he said.

She saw a crumpled wad of money in his outstretched fingers.

"Naw; yuh keep it. Yuh might need it."

"It ain mine, ma. It berlongs t the party."

"But, Johnny-Boy, yuh might hafta go erway!"

"Ah kin make out."

"Don fergit yosef too much, son."

"Ef Ah don come back theyll need it."

He was looking at her face and she was looking at the money.

"Yuh keep tha," she said slowly. "Ahll give em the money."

"From where?"

"Ah got some."

"Where yuh git it from?"

She sighed.

"Ah been savin a dollah a week fer Sug ever since hes been in jail."

"Lawd, ma!"

She saw the look of puzzled love and wonder in his eyes. Clumsily, he put the money back into his pocket.

"Ahm gone," he said.

"Here; drink this glass of soda watah."

She watched him drink, then put the glass away.

"Waal," he said.

"Take the stuff outta yo pockets!"

She lifted the lid of the stove and he dumped all the papers from his pocket into the hole. She followed him to the door and made him turn round.

"Lawd, yuh tryin to maka revolution n yuh cant even keep yo coat buttoned." Her nimble fingers fastened his collar high around his throat. "There!"

He pulled the brim of his hat low over his eyes. She opened the door and with the suddenness of the cold gust of wind that struck her face, he was gone. She watched the black fields and the rain take him, her eyes burning. When the last faint footstep could no longer be heard, she closed the door, went to her bed, lay down, and pulled the cover over her while fully dressed. Her feelings coursed with the rhythm of the rain: Hes gone! Lawd, Ah *know* hes gone! Her blood felt cold.

III

SHE was floating in a grey void somewhere between sleeping and dreaming and then suddenly she was wide awake, hearing and feeling in the same instant the thunder of the door crashing in and a cold wind filling the room. It was pitch black and she stared, resting on her elbows, her mouth open, not breathing, her ears full of the sound of tramping feet and booming voices. She knew at once: They lookin fer im! Then, filled with her will, she was on her feet, rigid, waiting, listening.

"The lamps burnin!"

"Yuh see her?"

"Naw!"

"Look in the kitchen!"

"Gee, this place smells like niggers!"

"Say, somebodys here er been here!"

"Yeah; theres fire in the stove!"

"Mabbe hes been here n gone?"

"Boy, look at these jars of jam!"

"Niggers make good jam!"

"Git some bread!"

"Heres some cornbread!"

"Say, lemme git some!"

"Take it easy! Theres plenty here!"

"Ahma take some of this stuff home!"

"Look, heres a pota greens!"

"N some hot cawffee!"

"Say, yuh guys! C mon! Cut it out! We didnt come here fer a feas!"

She walked slowly down the hall. They lookin fer im, but they ain got im yit! She stopped in the doorway, her gnarled, black hands as always folded over her stomach, but tight now, so tightly the veins bulged. The kitchen was crowded with white men in glistening raincoats. Though the lamp burned, their flashlights still glowed in red fists. Across her floor she saw the muddy tracks of their boots.

"Yuh white folks git outta mah house!"

There was quick silence; every face turned toward her. She saw a sudden movement, but did not know what it meant until something hot and wet slammed her squarely in the face. She gasped, but did not move. Calmly, she wiped the warm, greasy liquor of greens from her eyes with her left hand. One of the white men had thrown a handful of greens out of the pot at her.

"How they taste, ol bitch?"

"Ah ast yuh t git outta mah house!"

She saw the sheriff detach himself from the crowd and walk toward her.

"Now, Anty . . ."

"White man, don yuh *Anty* me!"

"Yuh ain got the right sperit!"

"Sperit hell! Yuh git these men outta mah house!"

"Yuh ack like yuh don like it!"

"Naw, Ah don like it, n yuh knows dam waal Ah don!"

"Whut yuh gonna do bout it?"

"Ahm tellin yuh t git outta mah house!"

"Gittin sassy?"

"Ef tellin yuh t git outta mah house is sass, then Ahm sassy!"

Her words came in a tense whisper; but beyond, back of them, she was watching, thinking, and judging the men.

"Listen, Anty," the sheriff's voice came soft and low. "Ahm here t hep yuh. How come yuh wanna ack this way?"

"Yuh ain never heped yo *own* sef since yuh been born," she flared. "How kin the likes of yuh hep me?"

One of the white men came forward and stood directly in front of her.

"Lissen, nigger woman, yuh talkin t *white* men!"

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"Ah don care who Ahm talkin t!"
"Yuhll wish some day yuh did!"
"Not t the likes of yuh!"
"Yuh need somebody t teach yuh how t be a good nigger!"
"*Yuh* cant teach it t me!"
"Yuh gonna change yo tune."
"Not longs mah bloods warm!"
"Don git smart now!"
"Yuh git outta mah house!"
"Spose we don go?" the sheriff asked.

They were crowded around her. She had not moved since she had taken her place in the doorway. She was thinking only of Johnny-Boy as she stood there giving and taking words; and she knew that they, too, were thinking of Johnny-Boy. She knew they wanted him, and her heart was daring them to take him from her.

"Spose we don go?" the sheriff asked again.
"Twenty of yuh runnin over one ol woman! Now, ain yuh white men glad yuh so brave?"
The sheriff grabbed her arm.
"C mon, now! Yuh done did ernuff sass fer one night. Wheres tha nigger son of yos?"
"Don yuh wished yuh knowed?"
"Yuh wanna git slapped?"
"Ah ain never seen one of yo kind tha wuznt too low fer . . ."

The sheriff slapped her straight across her face with his open palm. She fell back against a wall and sank to her knees.

"Is tha whut white men do t nigger women?"

She rose slowly and stood again, not even touching the place that ached from his blow, her hands folded over her stomach.

"Ah ain never seen one of yo kind tha wuznt too low fer . . ."

He slapped her again; she reeled backward several feet and fell on her side.

"Is tha whut we too low t do?"

She stood before him again, dry-eyed, as though she had not been struck. Her lips were numb and her chin was wet with blood.

"Aw, let her go! Its the nigger we wan!" said one.
"Wheres that nigger son of yos?" the sheriff asked.
"Find im," she said.
"By Gawd, ef we hafta find im we'll kill im!"
"He wont be the only nigger yuh ever killed," she said.

She was consumed with a bitter pride. There was nothing on this earth, she felt then, that they could not do to her but that she could take. She stood on a narrow plot of ground from which she would die before she was pushed. And then it was, while standing there feeling warm blood seeping down her throat, that she gave up Johnny-Boy, gave him up to the white folks. She gave him up because they had come tramping into her heart demanding him, thinking they could get him by beating her, thinking they could scare her into making her tell where he was. She gave him up because she wanted them to know that they could not get what they wanted by bluffing and killing.

"Wheres this meetin gonna be?" the sheriff asked.
"Don yuh wish yuh knowed?"
"Ain there gonna be a meetin?"
"How come yuh astin me?"
"There *is* gonna be a meetin," said the sheriff.
"Is it?"
"Ah gotta great mind t choke it outta yuh!"
"Yuh so smart," she said.
"We ain playin wid yuh!"
"Did Ah say yuh wuz?"
"Tha nigger son of yos is erroun here somewheres n we aim t find im," said the sheriff. "Ef yuh tell us where he is n ef he talks, mabbe he'll git off easy. But ef we hafta find im, we'll kill im! Ef we hafta find im, then yuh git a sheet t put over im in the mawnin, see? Git yuh a sheet, cause hes gonna be dead!"
"He wont be the only nigger yuh ever killed," she said again.

The sheriff walked past her. The others followed. Yuh didnt git whut yuh wanted! she thought exultingly. N yuh ain gonna *never* git it! Hotly something ached in her to make them feel the intensity of her pride and freedom; her heart groped to turn the bitter hours of her life into words of a kind that would make them feel that she had taken all they had done to her in her stride and could still take more. Her faith surged so strongly in her she was all but blinded. She walked behind them to the door, knotting and twisting her fingers. She saw them step to the muddy ground. Each whirl of the yellow beacon revealed glimpses of slanting rain. Her lips moved, then she shouted:

"Yuh didn't git whut yuh wanted! N yuh ain gonna nevah git it!"

The sheriff stopped and turned; his voice came low and hard.

"Now, by Gawd, thas ernuff outta yuh!"
"Ah know when Ah done said ernuff!"
"Aw, naw, yuh don!" he said. "Yuh don know when yuh done said ernuff, but Ahma teach yuh ternight!"

He was up the steps and across the porch with one bound. She backed into the hall, her eyes full on his face.

"Tell me when yuh gonna stop talkin!" he said, swinging his fist.

The blow caught her high on the cheek; her eyes went blank; she fell flat on her face. She felt the hard heel of his wet shoes coming into her temple and stomach.

"Lemme hear yuh talk some mo!"

She wanted to, but could not; pain numbed and choked her. She lay still and somewhere out of the grey void of unconsciousness she heard someone say: *aw fer chrissakes leave her erlone its the nigger we wan. . . .*

IV

SHE never knew how long she had lain huddled in the dark hallway. Her first returning feeling was of a nameless fear crowding the inside of her, then a deep pain spreading from her temple downward over her body. Her ears were filled with the drone of rain and she shuddered from the cold wind blowing through the door. She opened her eyes and at first saw nothing. As if she were imagining it, she knew she was half-lying and half-sitting in a corner against a wall. With difficulty she twisted her neck and what she saw made her hold her breath—a vast white blur was suspended directly above her. For a moment she could not tell if her fear was from the blur or if the blur was from her fear. Gradually the blur resolved itself into a huge white face that slowly filled her vision. She was stone still, conscious really of the effort to breathe, feeling somehow that she existed only by the mercy of that white face. She had seen it before; its fear had gripped her many times; it had for her the fear of all the white faces she had ever seen in her life. *Sue* . . . As from a great distance, she heard her name being called. She was regaining consciousness now, but the fear was coming with her. She looked into the face of a white man, wanting to scream out for him to go; yet accepting his presence because she felt she had to. Though some remote part of her mind was active, her limbs were powerless. It was as if an invisible knife had split her in two, leaving one half of her lying there helpless, while the other half shrank in dread from a forgotten but familiar enemy. *Sue its me Sue its me* . . . Then all at once the voice came clearly.

"Sue, its me! Its Booker!"

And she heard an answering voice speaking inside of her, Yeah, its Booker . . . The one whut jus joined . . . She roused herself, struggling for full consciousness; and as she did so she

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transferred to the person of Booker the nameless fear she felt. It seemed that Booker towered above her as a challenge to her right to exist upon the earth.

"Yuh awright?"

She did not answer; she started violently to her feet and fell.

"Sue, yuh hurt!"

"Yeah," she breathed.

"Where they hit yuh?"

"Its mah head," she whispered.

She was speaking even though she did not want to; the fear that had hold of her compelled her.

"They beat yuh?"

"Yeah."

"Them bastards! Them Gawddam bastards!"

She heard him saying it over and over; then she felt herself being lifted.

"Naw!" she gasped.

"Ahma take yuh t the kitchen!"

"Put me down!"

"But yuh cant stay here like this!"

She shrank in his arms and pushed her hands against his body; when she was in the kitchen she freed herself, sank into a chair, and held tightly to its back. She looked wonderingly at Booker; there was nothing about him that should frighten her so; but even that did not ease her tension. She saw him go to the water bucket, wet his handkerchief, wring it, and offer it to her. Distrustfully, she stared at the damp cloth.

"Here; put this on yo fohead . . ."

"Naw!"

"C mon; itll make yuh feel bettah!"

She hesitated in confusion; what right had she to be afraid when someone was acting as kindly as this toward her? Reluctantly, she leaned forward and pressed the damp cloth to her head. It helped. With each passing minute she was catching hold of herself, yet wondering why she felt as she did.

"Whut happened?"

"Ah don know."

"Yuh feel bettah?"

"Yeah."

"Who all wuz here?"

"Ah don know," she said again.

"Yo head still hurt?"

"Yeah."

"Gee, Ahm sorry."

"Ahm awright," she sighed and buried her face in her hands.

She felt him touch her shoulder.

"Sue, Ah got some bad news fer yuh . . ."

She knew; she stiffened and grew cold. It had happened; she stared dry-eyed with compressed lips.

"Its mah Johnny-Boy," she said.

"Yeah; Ahm awful sorry t hafta tell yuh this way. But Ah thought yuh oughta know . . ."

Her tension eased and a vacant place opened up inside of her. A voice whispered, Jesus, hep me!

"W-w-where is he?"

"They got im out t Foleys Woods tryin t make im tell who the others is."

"He ain gonna tell," she said. "They just as waal kill im, cause he ain gonna nevah tell."

"Ah hope he don," said Booker. "But he didnt hava chance t tell the others. They grabbed im jus as he got t the woods."

Then all the horror of it flashed upon her; she saw flung out over the rainy countryside an array of shacks where white and black comrades were sleeping; in the morning they would be rising and going to Lem's; then they would be caught. And that meant terror, prison, and death. The comrades would have to be told; she would have to tell them; she could not entrust Johnny-Boy's work to another, and especially not to Booker as long as she felt toward him as she did. Gripping the bottom of the chair with both hands, she tried to rise; the room blurred and she swayed. She found herself resting in Booker's arms.

"Lemme go!"

"Sue, yuh too weak t walk!"

"Ah gotta tell em!" she said.

"Set down, Sue! Yuh hurt; yuh sick!"

When seated she looked at him helplessly.

"Sue, lissen! Johnny-Boys caught. Ahm here. Yuh tell me who they is n Ahll tell em."

She stared at the floor and did not answer. Yes; she was too weak to go. There was no way for her to tramp all those miles through the rain tonight. But should she tell Booker? If only she had somebody like Reva to talk to. She did not want to decide alone; she must make no mistake about this. She felt Booker's fingers pressing on her arm and it was as though the white mountain was pushing her to the edge of a sheer height; she again exclaimed inwardly, Jesus, hep me! Booker's white face was at her side, waiting. Would she be doing right to tell him? Suppose she did not tell and then the comrades were caught? She could not ever forgive herself for doing a thing like that. But maybe she was wrong; maybe her fear was what Johnny-Boy had always called "jus foolishness." She remembered his saying, Ma we cant make the party ef we start doubtin everbody. . . .

"Tell me who they is, Sue, n Ahll tell em. Ah just joined n Ah don know who they is."

"Ah don know who they is," she said.

"Yuh *gotta* tell me who they is, Sue!"

"Ah tol yuh Ah don know!"

"Yuh *do* know! C mon! Set up n talk!"

"Naw!"

"Yuh wan em all t git *killed?*"

She shook her head and swallowed. Lawd, Ah don blieve in this man!

"Lissen, Ahll call the names n yuh tell me which ones is in the party n which ones ain, see?"

"Naw!"

"Please, Sue!"

"Ah don know," she said.

"Sue, yuh ain doin right by em. Johnny-Boy wouldnt wan yuh t be this way. Hes out there holdin up his end. Les hol up ours . . ."

"Lawd, Ah don know . . ."

"Is yuh scareda me cause Ahm *white?* Johnny-Boy ain like tha. Don let all the work we done go fer nothin."

She gave up and bowed her head in her hands.

"Is it Johnson? Tell me, Sue?"

"Yeah," she whispered in horror; a mounting horror of feeling herself being undone.

"Is it Green?"

"Yeah."

"Murphy?"

"Lawd, Ah don know!"

"Yuh gotta tell me, Sue!"

"Mistah Booker, please leave me erlone . . ."

"Is it Murphy?"

She answered yes to the names of Johnny-Boy's comrades; she answered until he asked her no more. Then she thought, How he know the sheriffs men is watchin Lems house? She stood up and held onto her chair, feeling something sure and firm within her.

"How yuh know bout Lem?"

"Why . . . How Ah know?"

"Whut yuh doin here this tima night? How yuh know the sheriff got Johnny-Boy?"

"Sue, don yuh blieve in me?"

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She did not, but she could not answer. She stared at him until her lips hung open; she was searching deep within herself for certainty.

"You meet Reva?" she asked.

"Reva?"

"Yeah; Lems gal?"

"Oh, yeah. Sho, Ah met Reva."

"She tell yuh?"

She asked the question more of herself than of him; she longed to believe.

"Yeah," he said softly. "Ah reckon Ah oughta be goin t tell em now."

"Who?" she asked. "Tell *who?*"

The muscles of her body were stiff as she waited for his answer; she felt as though life depended upon it.

"The comrades," he said.

"Yeah," she sighed.

She did not know when he left; she was not looking or listening. She just suddenly saw the room empty and from her the thing that had made her fearful was gone.

V

FOR a space of time that seemed to her as long as she had been upon the earth, she sat huddled over the cold stove. One minute she would say to herself, They both gone now; Johnny-Boy n Sug . . . Mabbe Ahll never see em ergin. Then a surge of guilt would blot out her longing. "Lawd, Ah shouldna tol!" she mumbled. "But no man kin be so low-down as t do a thing like tha . . ." Several times she had an impulse to try to tell the comrades herself; she was feeling a little better now. But what good would that do? She had told Booker the names. He just couldnt be a Judas t po folks like us . . . He *couldnt!*

"An Sue!"

Thas Reva! Her heart leaped with an anxious gladness. She rose without answering and limped down the dark hallway. Through the open door, against the background of rain, she saw Reva's face lit now and then to whiteness by the whirling beams of the beacon. She was about to call, but a thought checked her. Jesus, hep me! Ah gotta tell her bout Johnny-Boy . . . Lawd, Ah cant!

"An Sue, yuh there?"

"C mon in, chile!"

She caught Reva and held her close for a moment without speaking.

"Lawd, Ahm sho glad yuh here," she said at last.

"Ah thought something had happened t yuh," said Reva, pulling away. "Ah saw the do open . . . Pa tol me to come back n stay wid yuh tonight . . ." Reva paused and stared. "W-w-whuts the mattah?"

She was so full of having Reva with her that she did not understand what the question meant.

"Hunh?"

"Yo neck . . ."

"Aw, it ain nothin, chile. C mon in the kitchen."

"But theres blood on yo neck!"

"The sheriff wuz here . . ."

"Them fools! Whut they wanna bother yuh fer? Ah could kill em! So hep me Gawd, Ah could!"

"It ain nothin," she said.

She was wondering how to tell Reva about Johnny-Boy and Booker. Ahll wait a lil while longer, she thought. Now that Reva was here, her fear did not seem as awful as before.

"C mon, lemme fix yo head, An Sue. Yuh hurt."

They went to the kitchen. She sat silent while Reva dressed her scalp. She was feeling better now; in just a little while she would tell Reva. She felt the girl's finger pressing gently upon her head.

"Tha hurt?"

"A lil, chile."

"Yuh po thing."

"It ain nothin."

"Did Johnny-Boy come?"

She hesitated.

"Yeah."

"He done gone t tell the others?"

Reva's voice sounded so clear and confident that it mocked her. Lawd, Ah cant tell this chile . . .

"Yuh tol im, didnt yuh, An Sue?"

"Y-y-yeah . . ."

"Gee! Thas good! Ah tol pa he didn't hafta worry ef Johnny-Boy got the news. Mabbe thingsll come out awright."

"Ah hope . . ."

She could not go on; she had gone as far as she could; for the first time that night she began to cry.

"Hush, An Sue! Yuh awways been brave. Itll be awright!"

"Ain nothin awright, chile. The worls just too much fer us, Ah reckon."

"Ef yuh cry that way itll make me cry."

She forced herself to stop. Naw; Ah cant carry on this way in fronta Reva . . . Right now she had a deep need for Reva to believe in her. She watched the girl get pine-knots from behind the stove, rekindle the fire, and put on the coffee pot.

"Yuh wan some cawffee?" Reva asked.

"Naw, honey."

"Aw, c mon, An Sue."

"Jusa lil, honey."

"Thas the way t be. Oh, say, Ah fergot," said Reva, measuring out spoonfuls of coffee. "Pa tol me t tell yuh t watch out fer tha Booker man. Hes a stool."

She showed not one sign of outward movement or expression, but as the words fell from Reva's lips she went limp inside.

"Pa tol me soon as Ah got back home. He got word from town . . ."

She stopped listening. She felt as though she had been slapped to the extreme outer edge of life, into a cold darkness. She knew now what she had felt when she had looked up out of her fog of pain and had seen Booker. It was the image of all the white folks, and the fear that went with them, that she had seen and felt during her lifetime. And again, for the second time that night, something she had felt had come true. All she could say to herself was, Ah didnt like im! Gawd knows, Ah didnt! Ah tol Johnny-Boy it wuz some of them white folks . . .

"Here; drink yo cawffee . . ."

She took the cup; her fingers trembled, and the steaming liquid spilt onto her dress and leg.

"Ahm sorry, An Sue!"

Her leg was scalded, but the pain did not bother her.

"Its awright," she said.

"Wait; lemme put something on tha burn!"

"It don hurt."

"Yuh worried bout something."

"Naw, honey."

"Lemme fix yuh so mo cawffee."

"Ah don wan nothin now, Reva."

"Waal, buck up. Don be tha way . . ."

They were silent. She heard Reva drinking. No; she would not tell Reva; Reva was all she had left. But she had to do something, some way, somehow. She was undone too much as it was; and to tell Reva about Booker or Johnny-Boy was more than she was equal to; it would be too coldly shameful. She wanted to be alone and fight this thing out with herself.

"Go t bed, honey. Yuh tired."

"Naw; Ahm awright, An Sue."

She heard the bottom of Reva's empty cup clank against the

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top of the stove. Ah *got* t make her go t bed! Yes; Booker would tell the names of the comrades to the sheriff. If she could only stop him some way! That was the answer, the point, the star that grew bright in the morning of new hope. Soon, maybe half an hour from now, Booker would reach Foley's Woods. Hes boun t go the long way, cause he don know no short cut, she thought. Ah could wade the creek n beat im there. . . . But what would she do after that?

"Reva, honey, go t bed. Ahm awright. Yuh need res."

"Ah ain sleepy, An Sue."

"Ah knows whuts bes fer yuh, chile. Yuh tired n wet."

"Ah wanna stay up wid yuh."

She forced a smile and said:

"Ah don think they gonna hurt Johnny-Boy . . ."

"Fer *real,* An Sue?"

"Sho, honey."

"But Ah wanna wait up wid yuh."

"Thas mah job, honey. Thas whut a mas fer, t wait up fer her chullun."

"Good night, An Sue."

"Good night, honey."

She watched Reva pull up and leave the kitchen; presently she heard the shucks in the mattress whispering, and she knew that Reva had gone to bed. She was alone. Through the cracks of the stove she saw the fire dying to grey ashes; the room was growing cold again. The yellow beacon continued to flit past the window and the rain still drummed. Yes; she was alone; she had done this awful thing alone; she must find some way out, alone. Like touching a festering sore, she put her finger upon that moment when she had shouted her defiance to the sheriff, when she had shouted to feel her strength. She had lost Sug to save others; she had let Johnny-Boy go to save others; and then in a moment of weakness that came from too much strength she had lost all. If she had not shouted to the sheriff, she would have been strong enough to have resisted Booker; she would have been able to tell the comrades herself. Something tightened in her as she remembered and understood the fit of fear she had felt on coming to herself in the dark hallway. A part of her life she thought she had done away with forever had had hold of her then. She had thought the soft, warm past was over; she had thought that it did not mean much when now she sang: "Hes the Lily of the Valley, the Bright n Mawnin Star." . . . The days when she had sung that song were the days when she had not hoped for anything on this earth, the days when the cold mountain had driven her into the arms of Jesus. She had thought that Sug and Johnny-Boy had taught her to forget Him, to fix her hope upon the fight of black men for freedom. Through the gradual years she had believed and worked with them, had felt strength shed from the grace of their terrible vision. That grace had been upon her when she had let the sheriff slap her down; it had been upon her when she had risen time and again from the floor and faced him. But she had trapped herself with her own hunger; to water the long dry thirst of her faith her pride had made a bargain which her flesh could not keep. Her having told the names of Johnny-Boy's comrades was but an incident in a deeper horror. She stood up and looked at the floor while call and counter-call, loyalty and counter-loyalty struggled in her soul. Mired she was between two abandoned worlds, living, dying without the strength of the grace that either gave. The clearer she felt it the fuller did something well up from the depths of her for release; the more urgent did she feel the need to fling into her black sky another star, another hope, one more terrible vision to give her the strength to live and act. Softly and restlessly she walked about the kitchen, feeling herself naked against night, the rain, the world; and shamed whenever the thought of Reva's love crossed her mind. She lifted her empty hands and looked at her writhing fingers. Lawd, whut kin Ah do now? She could still wade the creek and get to Foley's Woods before Booker. And then what? How could she manage to see Johnny-Boy or Booker? Again she heard the sheriff's threatening voice: Git yuh a sheet, cause hes gonna be dead! The sheet! Thas it, the sheet! Her whole being leaped with will; the long years of her life bent toward a moment of focus, a point. Ah kin go wid mah sheet! Ahll be doin whut he said! Lawd Gawd in Heaven, Ahma go lika nigger woman wid mah windin sheet t git mah dead son! But then what? She stood straight and smiled grimly; she had in her heart the whole meaning of her life; her entire personality was poised on the brink of a total act. Ah know! Ah know! She thought of Johnny-Boy's gun in the dresser drawer. Ahll hide the gun in the sheet n go aftah Johnny-Boys body. . . . She tiptoed to her room, eased out the dresser drawer, and got a sheet. Reva was sleeping; the darkness was filled with her quiet breathing. She groped in the drawer and found the gun. She wound the gun in the sheet and held them both under her apron. Then she stole to the bedside and watched Reva. Lawd, hep her! But mabbe shes bettah off. This had t happen sometimes . . . She n Johnny-Boy couldna been together in this here South . . . N Ah couldnt tell her bout Booker. Itll come out awright n she wont nevah know. Reva's trust would never be shaken. She caught her breath as the shucks in the mattress rustled dryly; then all was quiet and she breathed easily again. She tiptoed to the door, down the hall, and stood on the porch. Above her the yellow beacon whirled through the rain. She went over muddy ground, mounted a slope, stopped and looked back at her house. The lamp glowed in her window, and the yellow beacon that swung every few seconds seemed to feed it with light. She turned and started across the fields, holding the gun and sheet tightly, thinking, Po Reva . . . Po critter . . . Shes fas ersleep . . .

VI

FOR the most part she walked with her eyes half shut, her lips tightly compressed, leaning her body against the wind and the slanting rain, feeling the pistol in the sheet sagging cold and heavy in her fingers. Already she was getting wet; it seemed that her feet found every puddle of water that stood between the corn rows.

She came to the edge of the creek and paused, wondering at what point was it low. Taking the sheet from under her apron, she wrapped the gun in it so that her finger could be upon the trigger. Ahll cross here, she thought. At first she did not feel the water; her feet were already wet. But the water grew cold as it came up to her knees; she gasped when it reached her waist. Lawd, this creeks high! When she had passed the middle, she knew that she was out of danger. She came out of the water, climbed a grassy hill, walked on, turned a bend and saw the lights of autos gleaming ahead. Yeah; theys still there! She hurried with her head down. Wondah did Ah beat im here? Lawd, Ah hope so! A vivid image of Booker's white face hovered a moment before her eyes and a driving will surged up in her so hard and strong that it vanished. She was among the autos now. From nearby came the hoarse voices of the men.

"Hey, yuh!"

She stopped, nervously clutching the sheet. Two white men with shotguns came toward her.

"Whut in hell yuh doin out here?"

She did not answer.

"Didnt yuh hear somebody speak t yuh?"

"Ahm comin aftah mah son," she said humbly.

"Yo *son?*"

"Yessuh."

"Whut yo son doin out here?"

"The sheriffs got im."

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"Holy Scott! Jim, its the niggers ma!"
"Whut yuh got there?" asked one.
"A sheet."
"A *sheet?*"
"Yessuh."
"Fer whut?"
"The sheriff tol me t bring a sheet t git his body."
"Waal, waal . . ."
"Now, ain tha something?"
The white men looked at each other.
"These niggers sho love one ernother," said one.
"N tha ain no lie," said the other.
"Take me t the sheriff," she begged.
"Yuh ain givin us *orders,* is yuh?"
"Nawsuh."
"We'll take yuh when wes good n ready."
"Yessuh."
"So yuh wan his body?"
"Yessuh."
"Waal, he ain dead yit."
"They gonna kill im," she said.
"Ef he talks they wont."
"He ain gonna talk," she said.
"How yuh know?"
"Cause he ain."
"We got ways of makin niggers talk."
"Yuh ain got no way fer im."
"Yuh thinka lot of tha black Red, don yuh?"
"Hes mah son."
"Why don yuh teach im some sense?"
"Hes mah son," she said again.
"Lissen, ol nigger woman, yuh stan there wid yo hair white. Yuh got bettah sense than t blieve tha niggers kin make a revolution . . ."
"A black republic," said the other one, laughing.
"Take me t the sheriff," she begged.
"Yuh his ma," said one. "Yuh kin make im talk n tell whos in this thing wid im."
"He ain gonna talk," she said.
"Don yuh wan im t live?"
She did not answer.
"C mon, les take her t Bradley."
They grabbed her arms and she clutched hard at the sheet and gun; they led her toward the crowd in the woods. Her feelings were simple; Booker would not tell; she was there with the gun to see to that. The louder became the voices of the men the deeper became her feeling of wanting to right the mistake she had made; of wanting to fight her way back to solid ground. She would stall for time until Booker showed up. Oh, ef theyll only lemme git close t Johnny-Boy! As they led her near the crowd she saw white faces turning and looking at her and heard a rising clamor of voices.
"Whos tha?"
"A nigger woman!"
"Whut she doin out here?"
"This is his ma!" called one of the man.
"Whut she wans?"
"She brought a sheet t cover his body!"
"He ain dead yit!"
"They tryin t make im talk!"
"But he will be dead soon ef he don open up!"
"Say, look! The niggers ma brought a sheet t cover up his body!"
"Now, ain tha sweet?"
"Mabbe she wans t hol a prayer meetin!"
"Did she git a preacher?"
"Say, go git Bradley!"
"O.K.!"

The crowd grew quiet. They looked at her curiously; she felt their cold eyes trying to detect some weakness in her. Humbly, she stood with the sheet covering the gun. She had already accepted all that they could do to her.
The sheriff came.
"So yuh brought yo sheet, hunh?"
"Yessuh," she whispered.
"Looks like them slaps we gave yuh learned yuh some sense, didnt they?"
She did not answer.
"Yuh don need tha sheet. Yo son ain dead yit," he said, reaching.
She backed away, her eyes wide.
"Naw!"
"Now, lissen, Anty!" he said. "There ain no use in yuh ackin a fool! Go in there n tell tha nigger son of yos t tell us whos in this wid im, see? Ah promise we wont kill im ef he talks. We'll let im git outta town."
"There ain nothin Ah kin tell im," she said.
"Yuh wan us t kill im?"
She did not answer. She saw someone lean toward the sheriff and whisper.
"Bring her erlong," the sheriff said.
They led her to a muddy clearing. The rain streamed down through the ghostly glare of the flashlights. As the men formed a semi-circle she saw Johnny-Boy lying in a trough of mud. He was tied with rope; he lay hunched, one side of his face resting in a pool of black water. His eyes were staring questioningly at her.
"Speak t im," said the sheriff.
If she could only tell him why she was there! But that was impossible; she was close to what she wanted and she stared straight before her with compressed lips.
"Say, nigger!" called the sheriff, kicking Johnny-Boy. "Here's yo ma!"
Johnny-Boy did not move or speak. The sheriff faced her again.
"Lissen, Anty," he said. "Yuh got mo say wid im than anybody. Tell im t talk n hava chance. Whut he wanna pertect the other niggers n white folks fer?"
She slid her finger about the trigger of the gun and looked stonily at the mud.
"Go t him," said the sheriff.
She did not move. Her heart was crying out to answer the amazed question in Johnny-Boy's eyes. But there was no way now.
"Waal, yuhre astin fer it. By Gawd, we gotta way to *make* yuh talk t im," he said, turning away. "Say, Tim, git one of them logs n turn tha nigger upsidedown n put his legs on it!"
A murmur of assent ran through the crowd. She bit her lips; she knew what that meant.
"Yuh wan yo nigger son crippled?" she heard the sheriff ask.
She did not answer. She saw them roll the log up; they lifted Johnny-Boy and laid him on his face and stomach, then they pulled his legs over the log. His knee-caps rested on the sheer top of the log's back, the toes of his shoes pointing groundward. So absorbed was she in watching that she felt that it was she that was being lifted and made ready for torture.
"Git a crowbar!" said the sheriff.
A tall, lank man got a crowbar from a nearby auto and stood over the log. His jaws worked slowly on a wad of tobacco.
"Now, its up t yuh, Anty," the sheriff said. "Tell the man whut t do!"
She looked into the rain. The sheriff turned.
"Mabbe she think wes playin. Ef she don say nothin, then break em at the knee-caps!"
"O.K., Sheriff!"

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She stood waiting for Booker. Her legs felt weak; she wondered if she would be able to wait much longer. Over and over she said to herself, Ef he came now Ahd kill em both!

"She ain sayin nothin, Sheriff!"

"Waal, Gawddammit, let im have it!"

The crowbar came down and Johnny-Boy's body lunged in the mud and water. There was a scream. She swayed, holding tight to the gun and sheet.

"Hol im! Git the other leg!"

The crowbar fell again. There was another scream.

"Yuh break em?" asked the sheriff.

The tall man lifted Johnny-Boy's legs and let them drop limply again, dropping rearward from the knee-caps. Johnny-Boy's body lay still. His head had rolled to one side and she could not see his face.

"Jus lika broke sparrow wing," said the man, laughing softly.

Then Johnny-Boy's face turned to her; he screamed.

"Go way, ma! Go way!"

It was the first time she had heard his voice since she had come out to the woods; she all but lost control of herself. She started violently forward, but the sheriff's arm checked her.

"Aw, naw! Yuh had yo chance!" He turned to Johnny-Boy. "She kin go ef yuh talk."

"Mistah, he ain gonna talk," she said.

"Go way, ma!" said Johnny-Boy.

"Shoot im! Don make im suffah so," she begged.

"He'll either talk or he'll never hear yuh ergin," the sheriff said. "Theres other things we kin do t im."

She said nothing.

"Whut yuh come here fer, ma?" Johnny-Boy sobbed.

"Ahm gonna split his eardrums," the sheriff said. "Ef yuh got anything t say t im yuh bettah say it *now!*"

She closed her eyes. She heard the sheriff's feet sucking in mud. Ah could save im! She opened her eyes; there were shouts of eagerness from the crowd as it pushed in closer.

"Bus em, Sheriff!"

"Fix im so he cant hear!"

"He knows how t do it, too!"

"He busted a Jew boy tha way once!"

She saw the sheriff stoop over Johnny-Boy, place his flat palm over one ear and strike his fist against it with all his might. He placed his palm over the other ear and struck again. Johnny-Boy moaned, his head rolling from side to side, his eyes showing white amazement in a world without sound.

"Yuh wouldn't talk t im when yuh had the chance," said the sheriff. "Try n talk now."

She felt warm tears on her cheeks. She longed to shoot Johnny-Boy and let him go. But if she did that they would take the gun from her, and Booker would tell who the others were. Lawd, hep me! The men were talking loudly now, as though the main business was over. It seemed ages that she stood there watching Johnny-Boy roll and whimper in his world of silence.

"Say, Sheriff, heres somebody lookin fer yuh!"

"Who is it?"

"Ah don know!"

"Bring em in!"

She stiffened and looked around wildly, holding the gun tight. Is tha Booker? Then she held still, feeling that her excitement might betray her. Mabbe Ah kin shoot em both! Mabbe Ah kin shoot twice! The sheriff stood in front of her, waiting. The crowd parted and she saw Booker hurrying forward.

"Ah know em all, Sheriff!" he called.

He came full into the muddy clearing where Johnny-Boy lay.

"Yuh mean yuh got the names?"

"Sho! The ol nigger . . ."

She saw his lips hang open and silent when he saw her. She stepped forward and raised the sheet.

"Whut . . ."

She fired, once; then, without pausing, she turned, hearing them yell. She aimed at Johnny-Boy, but they had their arms around her, bearing her to the ground, clawing at the sheet in her hand. She glimpsed Booker lying sprawled in the mud, on his face, his hands stretched out before him; then a cluster of yelling men blotted him out. She lay without struggling, looking upward through the rain at the white faces above her. And she was suddenly at peace; they were not a white mountain now; they were not pushing her any longer to the edge of life. Its awright . . .

"She shot Booker!"

"She hada gun in the sheet!"

"She shot im right thu the head!"

"Whut she shoot im fer?"

"Kill the bitch!"

"Ah *thought* something wuz wrong bout her!"

"Ah wuz fer givin it t her from the firs!"

"Thas whut yuh git fer treatin a nigger nice!"

"Say, Bookers dead!"

She stopped looking into the white faces, stopped listening. She waited, giving up her life before they took it from her; she had done what she wanted. Ef only Johnny-Boy . . . She looked at him; he lay looking at her with tired eyes. Ef she could only tell im!

"Whut yuh kill im fer, hunh?"

It was the sheriff's voice; she did not answer.

"Mabbe she wuz shootin at yuh, Sheriff?"

"Whut yuh kill im fer?"

She felt the sheriff's foot come into her side; she closed her eyes.

"Yuh black bitch!"

"Let her have it!"

"Yuh reckon she foun out bout Booker?"

"She mighta."

"Jesus Christ, whut yuh dummies *waitin* on!"

"Yeah; kill her!"

"Kill em *both!*"

"Let her know her nigger sons dead firs!"

She turned her head toward Johnny-Boy; he lay looking puzzled in a world beyond the reach of voices. At leas he cant hear, she thought.

"C mon, let im have it!"

She listened to hear what Johnny-Boy could not. They came, two of them, one right behind the other; so close together that they sounded like one shot. She did not look at Johnny-Boy now; she looked at the white faces of the men, hard and wet in the glare of the flashlights.

"Yuh hear tha, nigger woman?"

"Did tha surprise im? Hes in hell now wonderin whut hit im!"

"C mon! Give it t her, Sheriff!"

"Lemme shoot her, Sheriff! It wuz mah pal she shot!"

"Awright, Pete! Thas fair ernuff!"

She gave up as much of her life as she could before they took it from her. But the sound of the shot and the streak of fire that tore its way through her chest forced her to live again, intensely. She had not moved, save for the slight jarring impact of the bullet. She felt the heat of her own blood warming her cold, wet back. She yearned suddenly to talk. "Yuh didnt git whut yuh wanted! N yuh ain gonna nevah git it! Yuh didnt kill me; Ah come here my mahsef . . ." She felt rain falling into her wide-open, dimming eyes and heard faint voices. Her lips moved soundlessly. *Yuh didnt git yuh didnt yuh didnt . . .* Focused and pointed she was, buried in the depths of her star, swallowed in its peace and strength; and not feeling her flesh growing cold, cold as the rain that fell from the invisible sky upon the doomed living and the dead that never dies.

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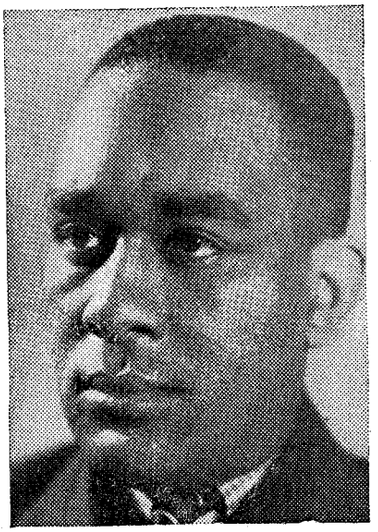

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In Conclusion

THESE are the talented people of the depression. They are the literary class of '29. The majority of them came to maturity during the crisis years. They found little opportunity to establish their work upon a firm foundation, to display their abilities and assure themselves an income or position which would enable them to continue work in their craft. They were too young to "arrive" in the little magazines.

The years of the depression marked the disappearance of the little magazine, one of the significant factors contributing toward the development of modern American literature. In the Teens and Twenties it was the little magazine which, through strife and compromise among its various coteries and through conflict with the standard magazines, defined, redefined, and directed American literature towards its maturity.

The little magazines were individual enterprises flourishing under the conditions of a free market during America's era of expansion. With the economic crash of '29 this market became severely impoverished. A large number of literary *entrepreneurs,* bohemians who had been operating on a slight margin of profit, on the bounties of angels, the toleration of friends, through awards and the occasional sales of manuscripts, were starved out of their hideouts. In this literary drought and social catastrophe the bohemians and other *littérateurs* and artists heard the cries of a new generation and discovered with them a common interest and bond.

What of this new generation, the literary generation of the depression, the young talents reared to maturity amid economic catastrophe? As usual the new generation sought an outlet for their ideas in the little magazines. But the environment of the little magazines had changed. Their premises were different, although their relations to the standard magazines remained the same. The new magazines functioned in a proletarian environment, as mediums of a proletarian literature. They were sponsored not by wealthy individuals, but by labor groups and affiliated organizations; or they were published by the collective efforts of young writers who pooled small sums of money from their wages in order to finance a magazine in which their work could appear. Their writing began to receive attention, and the value of the Marxian critical theories they advanced were recognized. But the magazines, financed in a meager and haphazard manner, could not maintain themselves for long, and what began as a new movement in literature and the arts, founded upon a scientific sociological approach to the problems of the artist and the community, apparently reached a period of stagnation.

The reasons for this lull in literary activity were many and complex. The younger writers were passing through a transitional period during which they had to make quick personal adjustments to a series of swiftly moving, world-shaking social and political changes. They became dissatisfied with the limited means of communication the little magazines offered in influencing public opinion concerning these events. They questioned the effectiveness of literature in resolving individual and social problems and sought for other and more direct means of communication and influence. A number of them turned to the theater and film. Others adapted their abilities toward the organization of labor. They felt the urgency of promoting progressive and radical causes against reactionary forces menacing their liberties. Many writers, impelled by the crucial issues at stake, volunteered as soldiers in Spain. Those who continued to write rarely found places of publication.

The demise of their journals indicated not only a lack of finances, but a cultural impasse due to the absence of conditions proper for the continued development of our literature: the lack of economic security, the unsettled state of the times reflected in the individual instability of the writer, the negligible encouragement and publication of new talent, and a philistine, utilitarian attitude towards the function of art in society.

As the so-called responsibilities of private industry for its individual workman proved extremely inadequate in a period of crisis, so, at a critical moment, private patronage and enterprise failed the literary workingman and proved very inadequate for his needs. The meager resources of the labor movement could not for long sustain literary labors. As a public-works program financed by the government was necessary to rescue the country from the deprivations of private enterprise, so a public endowment of the arts was necessary to rescue the artist from privation and permit the free development of our literature and art. With the formation of the Federal Art Projects the United States began to assume responsibility for its artists and its national cultural heritage.

For those writers who had suffered semi-privation and relief the Federal Writers' Project offered temporary security. This was only a partial solution, however, and could not solve the problem of the proper function of the creative writer under government sponsorship. Although the playwrights, painters, actors, musicians on the projects were permitted to utilize their talents in their own particular crafts, the writers lacked the opportunity to work creatively in their own medium. The emergency-relief character of the Federal Arts Project threatened to eliminate suddenly the advances made in the cultural field since the inauguration of the projects.

To prevent such a debacle, Representative Coffee and Senator Pepper presented the Federal Fine Arts Bill to Congress. This bill proposes to reorganize the five arts projects under a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts. If passed, it will provide an immeasurable stimulus, unhampered by relief provisions, to the writers and artists of the nation and officially usher in a new era of public arts and letters. The trend from individual patronage to public subsidy will be completed. The transition from the eclectic art of coteries and private enterprise, represented by the little magazines and the egocentric figure of the bohemian outcast, to an art serving the public need and represented by the artist of the republic will be resolved. The new generation will come of age. The relationship between the American public and its writers whom it subsidizes through governmental agencies will find expression in a people's literature.

S. FUNAROFF.

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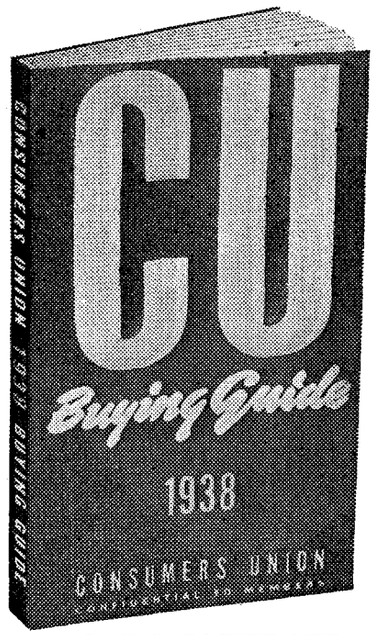

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